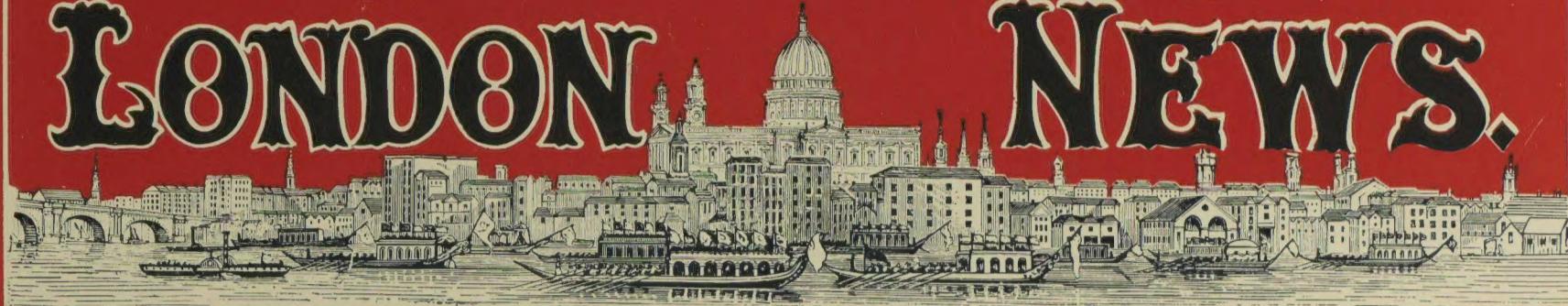


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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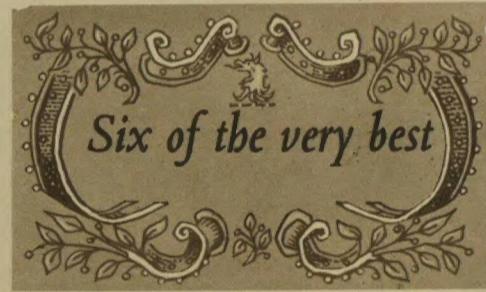
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1953.



(ABOVE.) CAUGHT OFF THE ISLAND OF ANJOUAN, WEST OF MADAGASCAR: *MALANIA ANJOUANÆ*, THE "FOSSIL FISH," BEING INSPECTED BY PROFESSOR J. B. L. SMITH (CENTRE, LEFT).

## A LIVING LINK WITH THE DINOSAURS: THE RECENTLY FOUND COELACANTH FISH.

ON December 20 a fisherman named Ahmed Hussein caught, with hook and line, in 65 ft. of water, a fish of the Coelacanth group which, until 1938, had been thought to be extinct for 50,000,000 years. He was fishing off the island of Anjouan, in the Comoro group, west of Madagascar, when he landed this 5-ft.-long, 100-lb. "fossil fish." Professor J. B. L. Smith, of Rhodes University

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) DISPLAYING THE COELACANTH FISH TO THE PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTH AFRICA, DR. MALAN (LEFT): PROFESSOR SMITH OPENING THE GILLS OF THE "FOSSIL FISH."



*Continued.*

College, was informed, and flew out to the Comoro group in a Dakota of the South African Air Force, placed at his disposal by Dr. Malan, Prime Minister of South Africa. He found that the fish belongs to a different genus and species from that caught in 1938, and has named it tentatively *Malania anjouanæ*, in recognition of the assistance provided by Dr. Malan. On December 30 Professor Smith took the fish to Dr. Malan's holiday home at the Strand, near Cape Town, and showed it to him, and also presented him with a scale from the fish, before taking it to Grahamstown for further study. The capture and identification of this fish is the culmination of a search which Professor J. B. L. Smith, in collaboration with others, has conducted for fourteen years, ever since the identification of *Latimeria chalumnae* in 1938 showed that the Coelacanth fishes were not extinct. As part of the campaign, the East African region was flooded with leaflets in English, French and Portuguese bearing a picture of a Coelacanth and offering a reward of £100 for the first two specimens caught. Unlike the first specimen, *Malania anjouanæ* has most of the flesh and intestines intact.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ON Christmas Day I found lying in a London park a sad-eyed little dog—a black, rough-haired mongrel terrier—obviously lost and apparently sick or injured. He had no collar and, when approached, ran limping away, to lie down again in despair a few yards away. Some kind passers-by offered to report his state to the park police, but when, an hour later, I telephoned the latter, they told me that their attempts to catch him had proved unavailing, and that he had run off and was no longer in that part of the park. On the off-chance that he might have returned to his former haunt, I visited it again in the afternoon with some meat in my pocket, and found him lying almost in the same place. But my attempt to catch him was no more successful than before; in fact, I only succeeded in scaring him and, even when, after some difficulty in finding one—for it was Christmas afternoon and the streets were empty—I managed to collect a taxi to aid me in my pursuit, he continued to elude all attempts at capture, limping away at a speed which at least gave me some hope that he might be recovering. It is possible that he may have contrived to find his way home—for many poor people allow their dogs to exercise themselves in the park without a collar—and that he is now restored to those things that make the life of a dog—so pathetically dependent, as we may have made them, on human beings—happy and comfortable. Yet, though I searched the park twice again next day and could not find him, I have a haunting suspicion that all this was mere wishful thinking on my part and that the poor dog may have met some tragic end. There must be thousands of such small tragedies—small in human reckoning—happening in the world every hour; and thousands more happening, not only to sentient animals, but to human beings, which might, with a little care, thought and trouble, have been avoided. And I felt afterwards that, though in a narrow, unfeeling sense it was no concern of mine, my intervention had been a miserably perfunctory one, that I might have tried—as, indeed, I might—a little harder, and that I far too easily left the animal to his fate and returned to my warm fire and pleasant Christmas dinner. A great deal of our lives are spent, consciously or unconsciously—and we generally contrive, for our own comfort of mind, to make it unconsciously—washing our hands of other creatures' troubles and "passing by on the other side." It is, in a sense, part of our nature and of the machinery of the world which our nature has created that it should be so. And yet it is not always so, and it is the exceptions to this common rule of selfish unconcern, that make human nature worth while and human life of significance. This was brought home very forcibly to me by an item which appeared in a newspaper a couple of days after my dismally unsuccessful venture. It was an account of how a gamekeeper over the Christmas holiday had rescued a border-terrier which had been buried for eight days near the top of a 1800-ft.-high snow-covered crag in North Lancashire. Some days before Christmas I remembered having seen a Press report of how the local police and a squad of quarrymen had been trying for nearly a week to drill a way through the rock to find the dog, which had been trapped after going underground after a fox. I remarked at the time what a curious country England must seem to a foreigner not interested in dogs, that a dozen or so men could devote their time and labour at such a time of year and altitude to trying to rescue a small animal in this way. And being an Englishman, and a dog lover, and therefore by any rational reckoning doubly mad, I could not help feeling pleasure that it was so. Then—I think it was on the day before Christmas—I saw

in the newspaper that the attempts to retrieve the poor animal had failed and that the rescue had been called off. And I felt, as the searchers had apparently felt, that that was the end—and that no more could be done.

But the story was not over. I had not reckoned with the dog's owner, the gamekeeper, or with his courage, persistence and—arising, I suppose, out of love for a helpless and dependent creature—his sense of duty and devotion. On Christmas Eve this brave and resolute man—a Mr. Simon Hunter—again set out for Hell Crag with a friend, a neighbouring farmer named Thomas Pye. "Everyone said it was impossible to rescue the dog," he is reported to have said afterwards, "but I just had to keep on." All day the two men dug and worked at the now dangerous rock until they had made a tunnel wide enough for the dog's owner to climb through. When night fell, they continued to work by the light of oil lamps, while far below in the valley the gamekeeper's wife from her cottage at Tarnbrook watched

the flicker on the dark, snow-clad heights. One can picture the scene: the men toiling on the lonely heights, the immensities of midnight snow, sky and space; the clear, cold air, the silence; and, over all, the stars. And amidst all these vast material phenomena, two invisible and immaterial presences—the spirit of love and the spirit of courage—whose unsuspected existence was, in fact, affecting matter in that immense assemblage of rock, earth and sky. For deep, buried in the rock, lay a little despairing creature who had long, one supposes, given himself up as utterly lost, and of whose extrication from his pitiless and unalterable physical dilemma there seemed, in the considered view of brave men, no hope. Yet, perhaps—for we cannot know—there was another invisible and spiritual presence operating among the mountain rock and dark, cold air: some flicker of faith in that minute animal's mind that the being he loved and trusted would seek, find and redeem him. And just after midnight, it seems—just after Christmas Day had begun—all these forces, physical and spiritual, came together and for a moment blended. For at that time, Simon Hunter, working his way through the overhanging darkness, all but fell into a cavern, a dozen yards below the mountain's surface, and found his lost dog whimpering at his feet. "They

carried him down the mountain," ran the report in the newspaper, beautiful in its simplicity. "By the fire they fed him with hot milk. Mr. Hunter brought out the whisky and there and then they celebrated."\* Reading it, I could not help recalling the line from the familiar paraphrase of the 23rd Psalm—

And on His shoulder gently laid  
And home rejoicing brought me.

It is so through the generations that the men of the hills have rescued their beasts from winter and weather, and what occurred this Christmas Eve and morning on the snow-clad Lancastrian hills was only part of a recurring pattern. What is important are the spiritual factors—and it should be noted that they are neither physical nor explicable by science—that set the pattern in motion. They are love and courage. And if anyone says, as some, doubtless, will say: "How wrong that a man should risk his life to save a mere beast"—I suggest that he should ask himself what he thinks is the object of human and terrestrial existence, and whether he has yet encountered anything in it which seems to him worth more than those two invisible, inexplicable imponderables, love and courage.



THE COELACANTH FISH FEATURED IN A NATIONAL DAILY NEWSPAPER'S CARTOON: "IF THIS IS THE BEST YOU CAN DO IN 50,000,000 YEARS, THROW ME BACK"—ILLINGWORTH'S PICTORIAL COMMENT ON THE REMARKABLE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY OF 1952 AND THE MORE SOMBRE EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR.

The capture of a "fossil fish" of the Coelacanth group near Madagascar, reported in our issue of January 3 and of which we give photographs on our frontispiece, provided a subject for that witty cartoonist, Illingworth, of the *Daily Mail* in the issue of January 1, when he set this remarkable discovery of 1952 against the world's troubled scene. [Reproduced by Courtesy of the "Daily Mail."]

## ENDURANCE, PRESENCE OF MIND AND MIGHT: IN PEACE AND WAR.



ATTACKED BY U.S. NAVY SKYRAIDERS OPERATING FROM THE U.S.N. AIRCRAFT CARRIER *BON HOMME RICHARD*; A VIEW OF THE COMMUNIST RAILROAD MARSHALLING YARD TURNTABLE AT MUSAN, NORTHERN KOREA, BEFORE THE RAID.

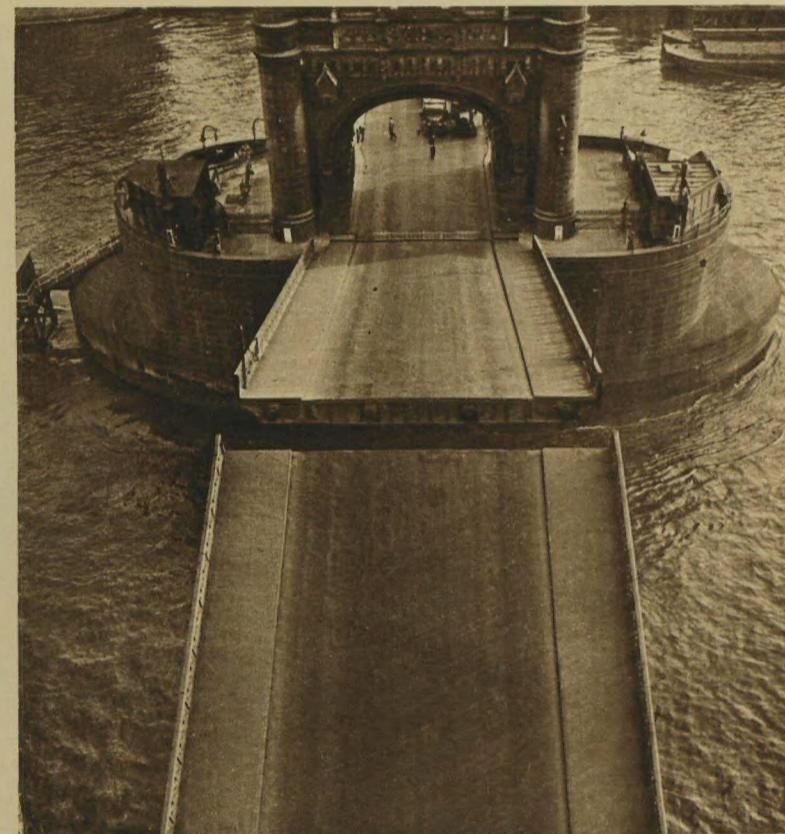


A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF THE MIGHT OF AMERICAN AIR POWER IN KOREA: THE COMMUNIST RAILROAD MARSHALLING YARD TURNTABLE AS IT WAS AFTER THE RAID BY AMERICAN NAVY SKYRAIDERS FROM THE U.S.S. *BON HOMME RICHARD*.



THE ASTONISHING ADVENTURE OF A NO. 78 BUS BOUND FOR DULWICH ON DECEMBER 30: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE VEHICLE "LEAPING" THE GAP CAUSED BY THE UNEXPECTED RAISING OF THE BASCULES OF TOWER BRIDGE.

A No. 78 bus started to cross Tower Bridge (which is raised by the operation of bascules to allow shipping to pass) when the northern half, on which the bus was travelling, began to rise. The driver accelerated and "leapt" the gap, bringing the vehicle to safety with only slight injury to himself and eight others. An inquiry decided the accident to have been caused by an error of judgment by an employee at the bridge; and the driver received an award.



ILLUSTRATING HOW TOWER BRIDGE OPERATES BY MEANS OF THE RAISING OF BASCULES, AND DIVIDES IN ORDER TO ALLOW SHIPPING TO PASS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE TWO SPANS WHEN ABOUT TO CLOSE.



DR. BOMBARD'S YACHT *L'HERÉTIQUE* ON THE ROOF OF AN AUSTIN "SEVEN": THE LITTLE CRAFT IN WHICH (AS DESCRIBED IN OUR LAST ISSUE) HE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC BEING TRANSPORTED TO BRIDGETOWN AFTER THE LANDING IN BARBADOES.



RECEIVING AN AWARD OF £10 FOR THE PRESENCE OF MIND BY WHICH HE BROUGHT HIS BUS SAFELY OVER THE GAP CAUSED BY THE UNEXPECTED RAISING OF THE BASCULES OF TOWER BRIDGE: THE DRIVER, ALBERT EDWARD GUNTER.

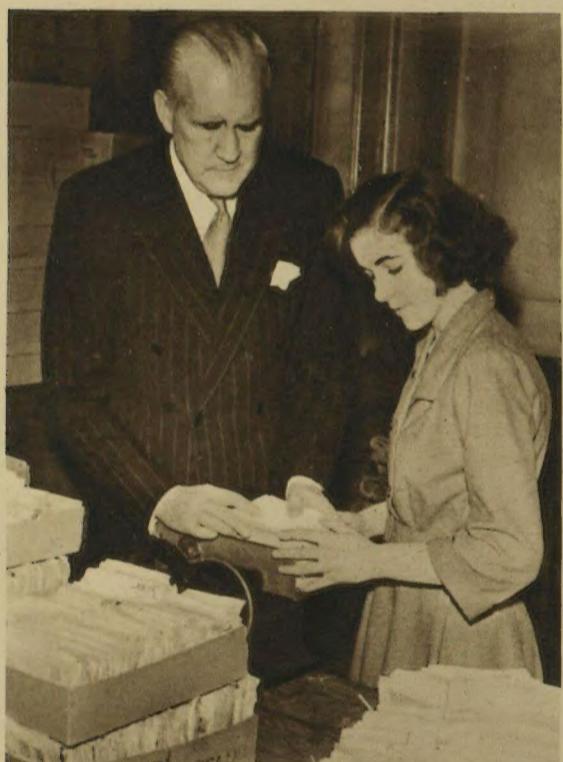
## SWEDISH ROYAL PRINCESSES, AND PEOPLE IN THE NEWS OF TWO CONTINENTS.



AFTER OPENING THE M.C.C.'S NEW CRICKET SCHOOL AT ALEXANDRA PALACE, SIR PELHAM ("PLUM") WARNER TAKES HIS STAND AT THE NETS, WATCHED BY (LEFT) THE ENGLAND AND MIDDLESEX AMATEUR ALL-ROUNDER, W. EDRICH. HERE SCHOOLBOYS WILL RECEIVE COACHING FROM M.C.C. PROFESSIONALS.



DR. SHERWOOD TAYLOR, DIRECTOR OF THE SCIENCE MUSEUM (RIGHT-CENTRE), WITH HIS YOUTHFUL AUDIENCE, DURING THE FIRST OF THIS SEASON'S SCIENCE LECTURES TO CHILDREN. The 123rd course of Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution "adapted to a juvenile auditory" was opened on December 27 by Dr. Sherwood Taylor, who spoke on the growth of Science during the last 6000 years, illustrating his talk with working models and experiments. The talk was the first of a series of six, all devoted to showing how Science has grown in knowledge and technique.



SIR IAN FRASER, THE WAR-BLINDED M.P., CALLING TO SEE THE RESULT OF HIS BROADCAST APPEAL. On Christmas Day Sir Ian Fraser broadcast an appeal for radio sets for the blind, and by December 31, when he visited the National Institute for the Blind, over £20,000 had already been given in response to the appeal. While there, he talked with several people associated with the appeal and dictated to a blind typist some replies to letters in connection with the appeal.



AFTER CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN AN OPEN LIFE-RAFT: DR. ALAIN BOMBARD BROADCASTING IN NEW YORK. As reported in our last issue, Dr. Bombard sailed across the Atlantic in a life-raft, living on sea-food and the juice from fish, without fresh water. He is reported to have said: "It was wonderful, terrible and interesting, but I never want to eat fish again."



PRINCESS BIRGITTA OF SWEDEN, SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE CROWN PRINCE, SEEN HERE (LEFT) SEWING, WITH HER NINE-YEAR-OLD SISTER PRINCESS CHRISTINA. PRINCESS BIRGITTA WILL CELEBRATE HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY ON JANUARY 19.



MR. R. S. STAFFORD, CHIEF DESIGNER OF HANDLEY PAGE, THE FIRM WHO HAVE PRODUCED THE WORLD'S FIRST SCIMITAR-WINGED BOMBER, WITH A MODEL OF THE HANNIBAL. In our last issue we published a picture of the Handley Page scimitar-winged bomber—which is to have super-priority and to be named the *Victor*. The *Hannibal*, in 1931 the world's largest and most luxurious airliner, was also a Handley Page product.



MR. L. G. NEWBLE (RIGHT) WELCOMED IN THE TRINITY HOUSE SHIP SATELLITE, AFTER HIS RELATED RELIEF FROM THE WOLF ROCK LIGHTHOUSE (SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND). On January 3, twenty-five days after the scheduled date, the keeper of the Wolf Rock Lighthouse was taken off by a rope-line to the Trinity House ship *Satellite*, whose captain (Captain C. F. Horn) is seen welcoming him. Owing to heavy seas, his relief was 25 days overdue, and he had had 93 days duty.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA SURVEY OF SOME MEN AND WOMEN IN THE NEWS.



SHAKING HANDS OVER THE DAVIS CUP AFTER THE AUSTRALIAN VICTORY: (L. TO R.) F. SEDGMAN; M. ROSE; H. HOPMAN; L. HOAD AND K. MCGREGOR.

Australia retained the Davis Cup at Adelaide on December 30. Our photograph shows Frank Sedgman (left) and Ken McGregor (right) with their hands on the Davis Cup, which they retained for Australia by defeating the U.S. 4-1. With them are their captain, H. Hopman (centre), and the reserves. If, as seems probable, Sedgman and McGregor turn professional, the reserves, M. Rose and L. Hoad, will almost certainly have to defend the Cup next year. (Radio photograph.)



THE TWO EUROPEAN WOMEN WHO ROUTED A KIKUYU GANG ON A FARM NEAR NYERI: MRS. RAYNES-SIMSON (LEFT) AND MRS. KITTY HESSELBERGER.

On January 4 Mr. Michael Blundell, leader of the European elected members in the Legislature, praised the courage and coolness of two women, living on a farm twenty miles from Nyeri, who had beaten off an attack in their home by four Africans. The women, Mrs. "Dot" Raynes-Simson and Mrs. Kitty Hesselberger, were taken unawares by the Mau Mau gang who were armed with native knives. In the ensuing fight the two women shot and killed two of the intruders, an African who turned out to be their cook, and also wounded a man thought to be their Kikuyu houseboy. (Radio photograph.)



THANKING THE HEROES OF THE CHAMPOLLION WRECK RESCUE: M. GEORGES BALAY (LEFT), FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE LEBANON; NEXT TO HIM ARE THE THREE BALTAGI BROTHERS. The three principal heroes of the *Champollion* wreck rescue were recently congratulated and thanked by M. Georges Balay, the French Ambassador to the Lebanon. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) M. Balay; the brothers Malmoud, Saleh and Radouane Baltagi; M. Rouvier, President of the French Chamber of Commerce; and M. Barre, Manager of the Agence France Presse.



DREAMING OF THE FISH THAT DID NOT GET AWAY: PROFESSOR J. L. B. SMITH LYING ASLEEP IN A ROOM IN THE MILITARY H.Q. AT DURBAN, ON THE FLOOR AT HIS SIDE IS A BOX CONTAINING THE COELACANTH CAUGHT NEAR MADAGASCAR. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE "FOSSIL FISH" APPEAR ON THE FRONTISPICE OF THIS ISSUE.



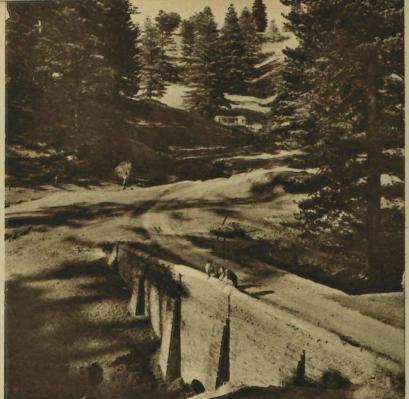
CLEARED BY THE NAIROBI SUPREME COURT OF CONTEMPT OF COURT, AND AWARDED COSTS: MR. D. N. PRITT, Q.C. On December 31 the Nairobi Supreme Court discharged, with costs, the rule *nisi* calling on Mr. Pritt, Q.C., to show cause why he should not be committed for contempt of the magistrate's court at Kapenguria. The Supreme Court found that criticisms by Mr. Pritt were directed at the Kenya Government and nothing was said calculated to prejudice a fair trial in the Kapenguria court.



IN THE GEORG EHRLICH EXHIBITION AT THE LEFEVRE GALLERY: A BUST OF BENJAMIN BRITTEN. This bronze portrait bust of Benjamin Britten has been lent by the Earl and Countess of Harewood to the exhibition of sculpture by Georg Ehrlich, which was due to open at the Lefevre Gallery on January 7. Benjamin Britten has never sat for a sculptor before, and Lord and Lady Harewood bought the bust after seeing it in Ehrlich's London studio.



ASKED BY PRESIDENT AURIOL TO TRY TO FORM A NEW GOVERNMENT: M. RENÉ MAYER, THE SOCIALIST-RADICAL LEADER. M. René Mayer, the Socialist-Radical leader, was the fourth man called upon by the President of the Republic to try to form a Government. He found it no easier than his predecessors to draw up a programme that would both balance the Budget and attract a majority. At the time of writing he is still waiting the decision of the Gaullists, who were due to hold a meeting to decide their attitude on January 5.



NORFOLK ISLAND'S "BLOODY BRIDGE," WHICH WAS BUILT BY CONVICTS WHO, SAY TRADITION, MUTINIED, MURDERED THEIR WARDERS AND INCORPORATED THEIR BODIES IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE BRIDGE.



KINGSTON CEMETERY ON NORFOLK ISLAND: STILL USED, IT DATES FROM 1788 AND CONTAINS THE GRAVES OF CONVICTS, TICKET-OF-LEAVE MEN AND PITCAIRNERS.



SHOWING TYPICAL UNDULATING COUNTRY IN NORFOLK ISLAND: WATERMILL VALLEY, WITH THE RUIN OF A CONVICT-BUILT HOUSE OF CORAL LIMESTONE FROM NEPEAN ISLAND.



RIDERS IN A GROVE OF NORFOLK ISLAND PINES (*ARUCARIA EXCELSA*), THE NOBLEST OF THE "MONKEY-PUZZLE" FAMILY. NORFOLK ISLAND IS BEING DEVELOPED AS AN ATTRACTIVE HOLIDAY RESORT.

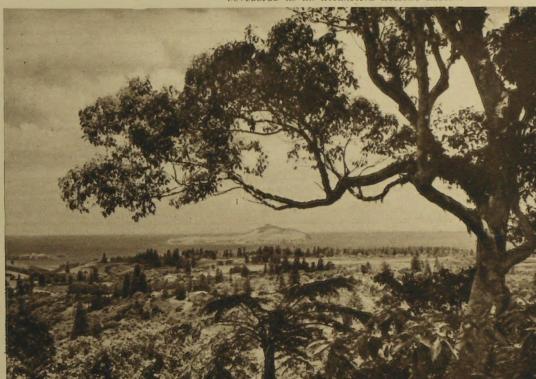


Kingston Jetty, Norfolk Island, with the first Government House. The roofless building is an old convict structure. On the horizon is the neighbouring Philip Island.



WHERE IT IS PROPOSED TO ERECT THE OBELEISK TO CAPTAIN COOK, DISCOVERER OF THE ISLAND IN 1770: DUNCOMBE BAY

[ON THE RIGHT], WHERE HE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE LANDED.



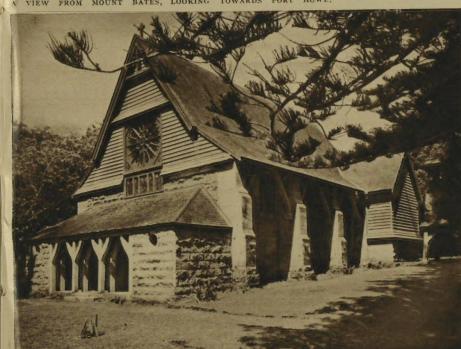
LOOKING ACROSS THE TWO-RUNWAY AIRFIELD TOWARDS PHILIP ISLAND. NORFOLK ISLAND NOW HAS A FORTNIGHTLY AIR SERVICE AND IS VISITED BY A THREE-MONTHLY STEAMER.



ONE OF THE OLD BUILDINGS OF NORFOLK ISLAND, AND NOW USED AS THE BONDED WAREHOUSE FROM WHICH THE ISLANDERS DRAW THEIR ALCOHOLIC LIQUOR SUPPLIES.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. BARNABAS, NORFOLK ISLAND: THE STAINED GLASS IS BY BURNE-JONES, THE FLOOR OF MARBLE AND THE PEWS OF INLAID KAUA PINE.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. BARNABAS (CHURCH OF ENGLAND). IT WAS FORMERLY THE PACIFIC HEADQUARTERS OF THE MELANESIAN MISSION.



NOW INFORMED WITH A STRANGE ELEGAC GRACE AND SADNESS: THE RUINS OF STABLES ONCE BUILT BY THE CONVICTS IN THE EARLY DAYS OF NORFOLK ISLAND'S HISTORY.

#### RECORDED WITH A MEMORIAL OBELISK: NORFOLK

As the result of agreement between the Australian Government, the residents of Norfolk Island and the Royal Australian Historical Society, an obelisk is to be erected on Norfolk Island to commemorate the discovery and naming of the island by Captain James Cook in 1770; and it was learnt on December 29 that the Australian Minister for Territories, Mr. Hasluck, had approved the design for the

obelisk. It will be erected in the near future where Captain Cook is believed to have landed, at Duncombe Bay, on October 10, 1770, in the course of the great navigator's second voyage round the world; and it will bear this inscription: "Captain James Cook, R.N., on his second voyage round the world, discovered and named this island Norfolk Island, landing in the vicinity of this point on 10th October, 1770." Norfolk Island, with its two smaller neighbours, Philip and Nepean Islands, lies in the Tasman Sea, about 900 miles from the Australian coast and about half-way between New Zealand and New Caledonia. It is fertile and undulating with a sub-tropical climate; and has given its name to the famous Norfolk Island pine (*Arucaria excelsa*), the noblest of the "Monkey-Puzzles,"

which is unfortunately not hardy in Britain. From 1788-1813 it was used for ticket-of-leave convicts; after this it was uninhabited until from 1826-1855 convicts of the more hardened type were sent there. Later the population of Pitcairn Island (largely descended from the *Bounty* mutineers) were transferred to Norfolk Island. On July 1, 1914, it became a territory of the Commonwealth of Australia.



PROFESSOR CARROLL CAMDEN, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Professor Carroll Camden studied at the University of Cincinnati and at Harvard, and took his doctorate at the University of Iowa. He is now Professor of English Literature at the Rice Institute at Houston, Texas, and is a considerable expert on, and an assiduous collector of, Elizabethan books.

body of American scholars. The work is published in London, New York and Houston. And, when something exotic about the typography and appearance of the



"ELIZABETH I. ON SIDESADDLE, HUNTING WITH FALCONS." From George Turberville, "The Booke of Faulconrie," 1575; by Courtesy of the Henry E. Huntington Library.

volume attracted my notice, and I hunted for the (if I may call it so) "production address," I found that the typographical design was by a gentleman in Amsterdam, that it was printed in Hertogenbosch (known to historians as Bois-le-Duc, and remembered by me as a place where I went to look at a small and charming Gothic cathedral in 1911, and was followed and laughed at in the streets by conventional Dutch women and children who were not yet inured to walking young Englishmen with knapsacks, grey flannel trousers and no hats), that the production was directed by a man in Amsterdam, that the blocks were made in Amsterdam, that the binding was the responsibility of a firm in Amsterdam who followed the design of Max Blonk in Amsterdam, and that, finally, the jacket was designed by a lady in Amsterdam. I cannot find a clue to the subject of that jacket. It exhibits a lovely face, with a Mary Queen of Scots cap and a delicate lace ruff. Somewhere in the jungle of quotations and notes there may lie information, missed by me, as to whether she represents a real woman or merely a Dutchwoman's dream. If real, she might well compete with Sir Philip Sidney's "Stella," whose image, seen long ago by me in (of all unlikely places) the Archbishop of Canterbury's Library at Lambeth, still dwells ineffaceably in my mind. The only people who don't seem to have collaborated in the book are Englishmen and English-women of to-day who might have, at least, been deemed useful for making suggestions, corrections, or qualifications.

However, there isn't here a serious attempt to describe the habits, opinions and aspirations of English-women in Elizabeth's day (and the scope of the book extends until nine years before the murder of King Charles, and to a time when the women whom Vandyck painted were much more elegantly and smoothly dressed than the enamelled, bejewelled, scaffolded Queen Bess), nor are the women, except rarely, allowed to speak for themselves. The book is a colossal scrap-book—as it were of old Press-cuttings—of

## ENGLISH WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

"THE ELIZABETHAN WOMAN: A PANORAMA OF ENGLISH WOMANHOOD, 1540 TO 1640"; By CARROLL CAMDEN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

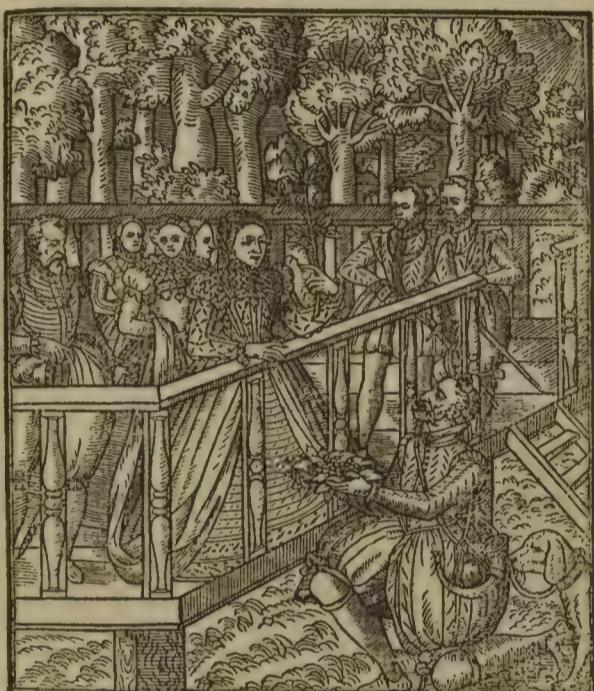
THIS book is of cosmopolitan origin, like the authors from whom extracts are painstakingly drawn. The author addresses his Preface from the Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, and expresses his acknowledgments to an imposing

casual references to women, and of instructions to women, and of warnings to men about women. Were I a woman reading this book I should say to myself: "Really, my dear Professor, do you think we are some zoological oddity, like the ant-eater or the armadillo? Really, my dear Professor, don't you realise that, except in primitive societies, women are always the men behind the gun? And really, my dear Professor, doesn't it occur to you that in that very epoch with which you are supposed to be dealing, a grimly-flirtatious and learned Queen led all her men against immense odds and conquered, was celebrated by Spenser, trod on Raleigh's cloak, and sent a recalcitrant Essex to the scaffold? What on earth, my dear Professor, is the point of all your extracts from books instructing women in the subservient ways in which they should go?"

I see no reason to suppose that women in the Elizabethan Age were any different from women in England to-day or in Ancient Rome. Some of them were possibly more learned than is now common: "The status of women was even more improved by Elizabeth Tudor, who had the support of the Protestants, who ruled England with masterful command, and who was looked upon as a paragon of learning." I don't see why Protestantism should be dragged in: neither Olympia Morata nor (to take another extreme of freedom) The Wife of Bath, was a Protestant, and there were Protestants who took a dim view of heathen learning. But, as for Queen Elizabeth (the First, as with some difficulty, but enthusiastic loyalty, we must now call her): "A contemporary work speaks of her as knowing Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Dutch, Spanish and Italian; and Julius Caesar Scaliger said she was better educated than any of the great men of her time. She received lessons, mainly in Latin, from Edward's tutor, Sir John Cheke, and Roger Ascham taught her such Greek literature as the orations of Isocrates, the tragedies of Sophocles, the crown orations of Demosthenes and Aeschines. By the time she was twelve . . . Elizabeth had studied French, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, mathematics, astronomy, politics, history, geography and architecture; later she studied other languages, rhetoric, philosophy and divinity. Nor was she alone in the field as a feminine scholar. Katherine of Aragon began the fashion of the English bluestocking, and had Vives' *Instruction of a Christian Woman* dedicated to her; her daughter, Mary Tudor, was instructed in Latin by Dr. Linacre,

Edward VI., gave his daughters a remarkably liberal education, equal to that which men received; it consisted, among other studies, of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Italian and French. These young ladies were the wonders of the age, and were especially singled out for praise by William Bercher in his 'Nobylyte off Wymen'; they were Mildred Cooke Cecil, Anne Cooke Bacon, Katherine Cooke Killigrew, and Elizabeth Cooke Hoby Russell." At this point I begin to wonder if the Professor has ever been to England, fond as he may be of our records. Does he really suppose that "the Elizabethan Woman," when she married, was so prophetic as to anticipate the modern American custom of using her maiden surname as a second name as though she were Mary G. Baker Patterson Eddy?

There were certainly learned Elizabethan women. There were also girls to whom an Oriental seclusion



"HUNTSMAN REPORTING TO THE QUEEN BY SHOWING EVIDENCE OF A HART." From George Turberville, "The Noble Art of Venerie," 1575; by Courtesy of the Henry E. Huntington Library.



"AS THE POET PICTURES HIS SWEETHEART." From John Davies's translation of Charles Sorel's "The Extravagant Shepherd," 1654; by Courtesy of the Henry E. Huntington Library. Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Elizabethan Woman"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, the Cleaver-Hume Press Ltd.

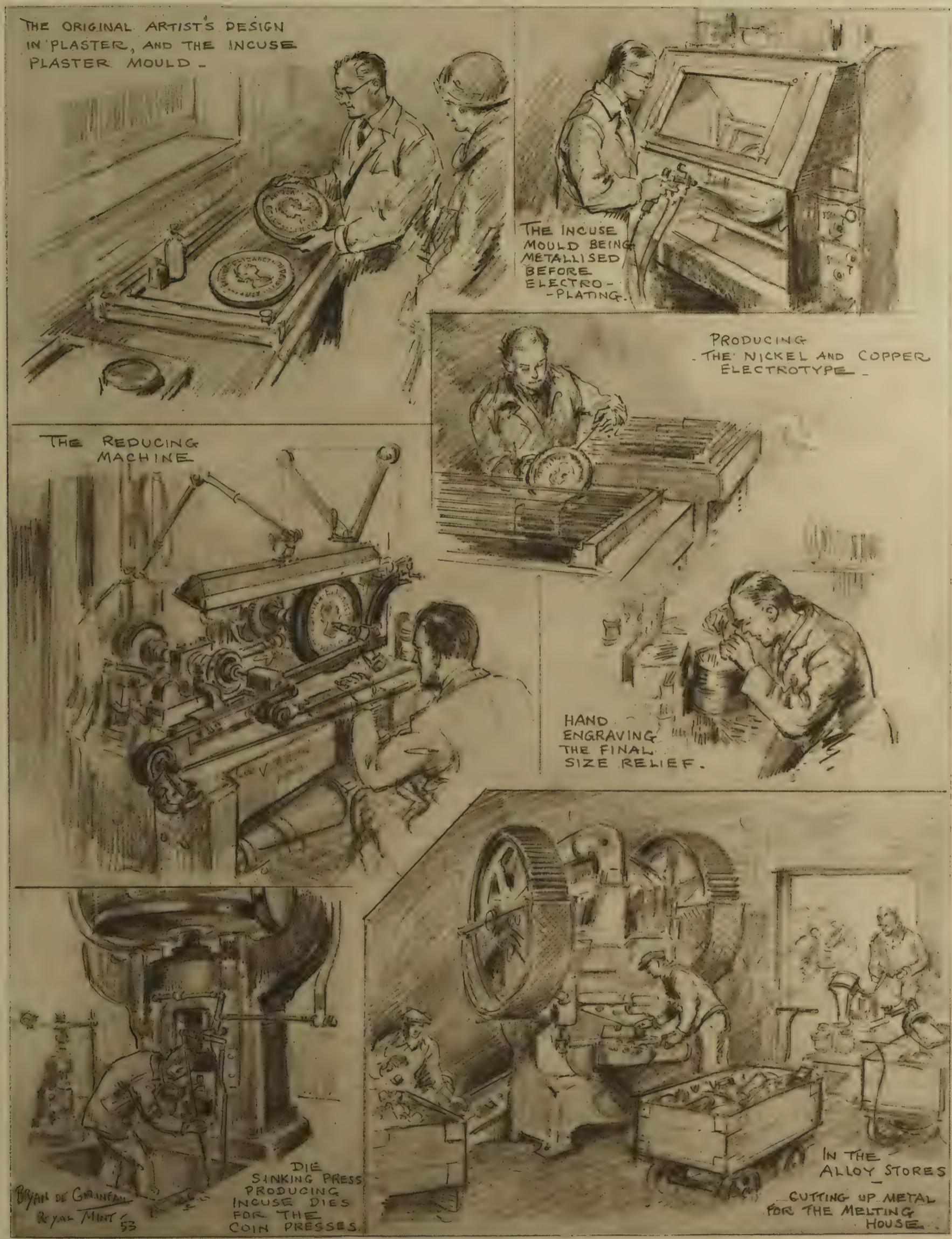
an early humanist. Princess Mary knew Latin, French and Spanish, and had as her educational guide Ludovicus Vives, who lectured at Oxford in 1523, and she presumably read some of the works which he advised for women; she was also interested in botany and in dialling, could dance, play cards, and play the virginals; she acted in plays of Terence, and in the court masques. Sir Anthony Cooke, one of the learned tutors of

was recommended—by a foreigner, in translation. "The parents must never kiss or embrace their daughter, or permit others to do so." Vives acknowledges that in olden times kinsfolk were permitted a chaste kiss, but he feels that this type of greeting should be avoided; he says further that at the present time the kissing even of those who are not kin is quite common in England and France, but that he considers any kiss or embrace (even that of the parents) to be "the foulest dede of all." The young lady must never be permitted to give or receive gifts: "A womā y<sup>t</sup> gyueth a gyft, gyueth her selfe: A womā y<sup>t</sup> taketh a gyft, selleth her selfe. Therfore an honest womā shal nother gyue, nor take."

This nonsense has evidently no bearing whatever on the life of the ordinary Elizabethan woman or girl. Shakespeare's plays are surer evidence: he doesn't lecture, he merely depicts; and his women are persons. This is an agreeable book into which to dip. We can find all sorts of information here about cooking and cosmetics (there are even warnings against poisonous hair-dyes); the organisation of households; and even curtain lectures—the term is centuries older than Douglas Jerrold. But it has no central theme. Had it one, it could only be: "Plus elle change, plus elle est la même chose"—which applies also to men, who were just as ridiculous in their clothes, in that age, as the women were, and just as critically observed by the women as they are now.

The pictures are as interesting an assortment as the quotations. But I wish that not so many had been derived from rough cuts illustrating broadsheet ballads. And I wish also that further information might have been given as to the "provenance" of some of them. There were two in particular which made me think "the prints at least are later than the period, whence did they come?" The Index tells me merely that they come from "Picture Post Library"—which indicates the obliging nature of the said Library, but gives no clue at all as to the original sources of the engravings.

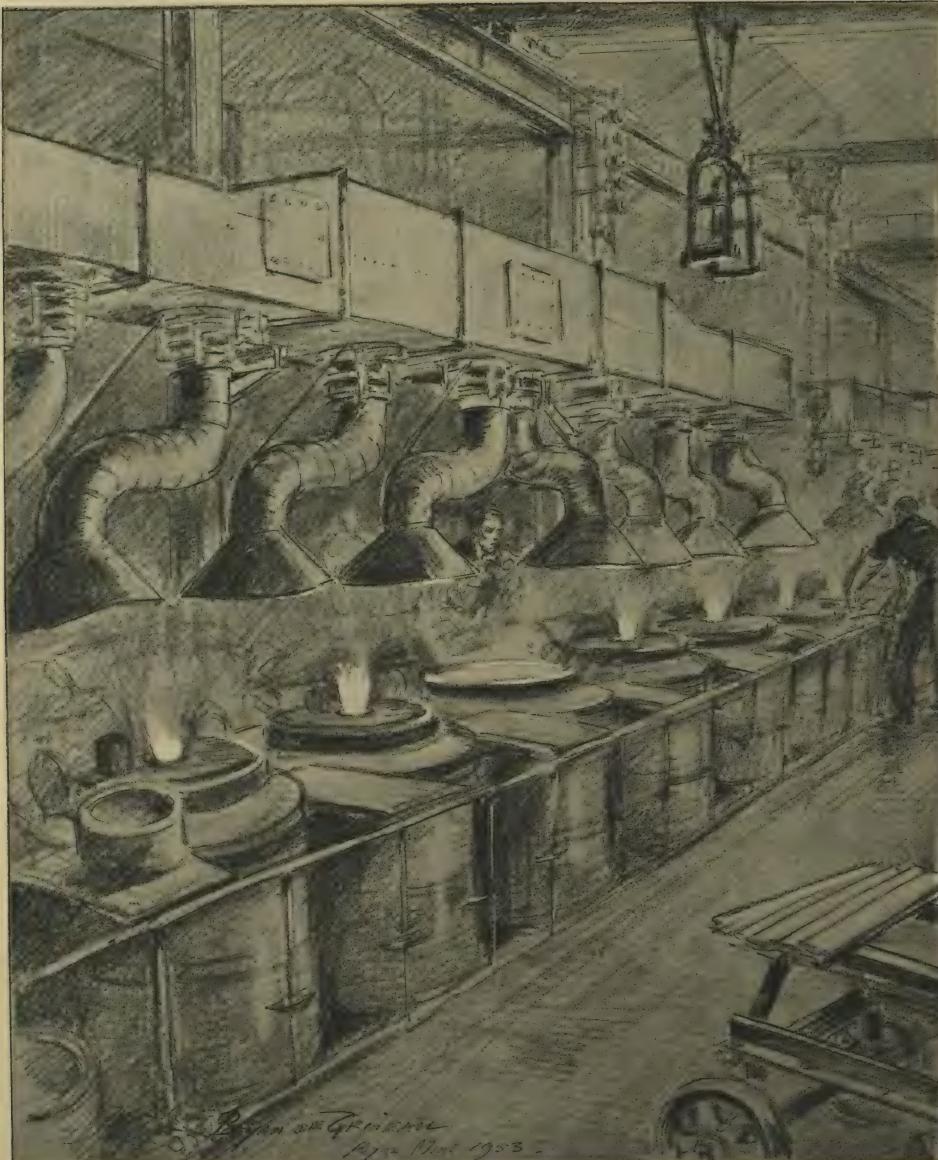
Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 70 of this issue.



## PRODUCING THE COINAGE OF THE NEW REIGN—THE MODEL AND THE METAL: CUTTING THE DIES; AND THE ALLOY STORES.

During the current production of the new coinage, bearing the head of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II., our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, has visited the Royal Mint and produced a series of drawings illustrating the principal processes, from the arrival of the artist's design to the despatch of the new coins to the banks. Coins consist of particular metal struck with particular designs, and on this page our Artist shows the production of these two essentials. The bottom-right picture shows the Alloy Stores, in which the requisite quantities of the requisite metals are cut up in readiness for the melting-house. The other drawings are concerned

with the production of the dies. From the original plaster design an incuse plaster model (incuse means reversed, all the relief parts becoming concave) is prepared. This incuse plaster is metallised and electro-plated. The electrotype (relief) from this then goes to the reducing machine and a relief model, the actual size of the eventual coin, is produced. From this is made an incuse matrix and, from this, relief working punches. From these last, in the die-sinking press, incuse dies to be used in the actual coin presses are made. Further drawings illustrating the later processes appear on pages 48-49 and 50.

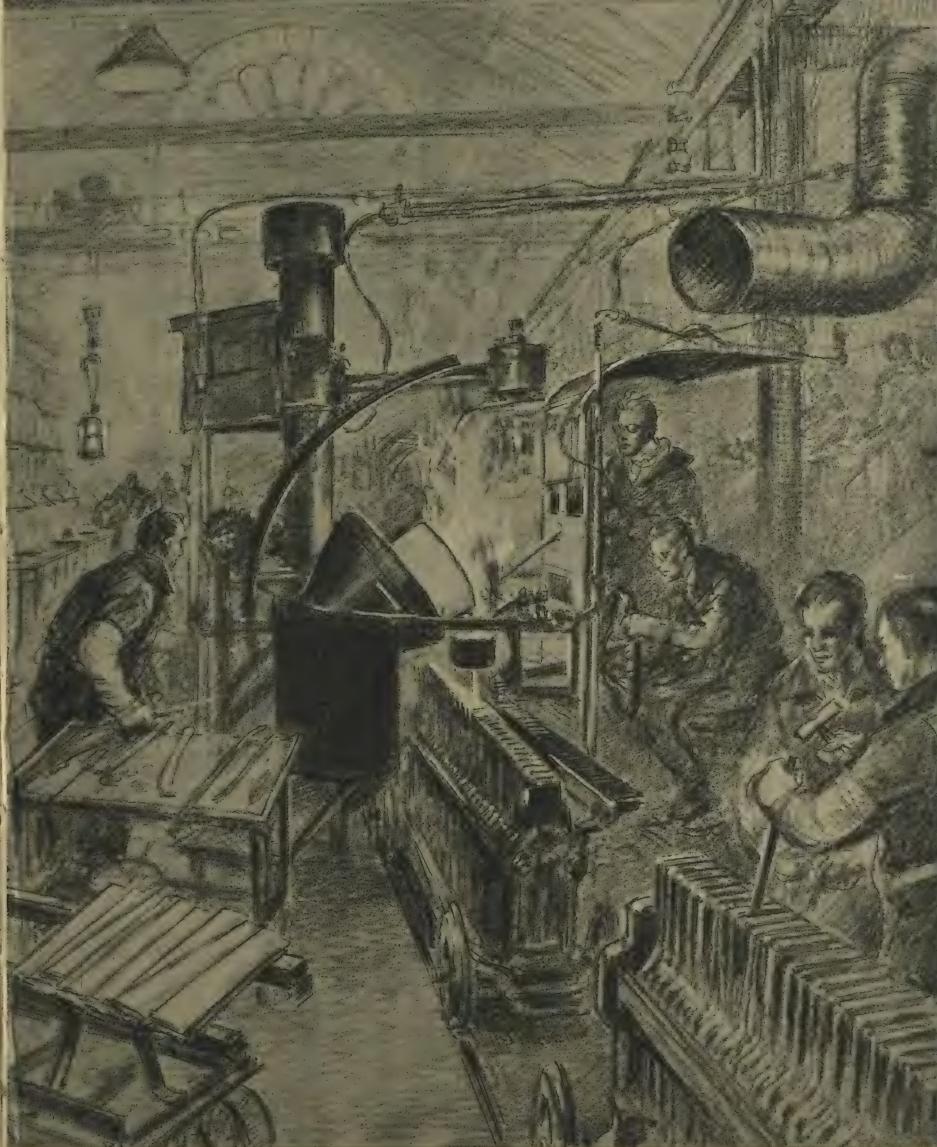


"MONEY IN THE MELTING-POT" AT THE ROYAL MINT: THE ALLOYS ARE BEING MELTED IN FURNACES (LEFT),

Our Artists' impressions on page 47 were concerned with the production of the dies with which the coinage of the new reign is being struck; here we are concerned with the metal of which they are formed and the main processes in the Melting House. Here the constituent metals for the coins are placed in the right proportions in "pots" or crucibles and are raised in gas or high-frequency furnaces (left of the drawing, with only gas burners) and are drawn to a temperature above the melting-point, when the molten contents of the crucibles are poured (right) into a series of vertical moulds.

As soon as the metal sets, the bars are removed from the

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



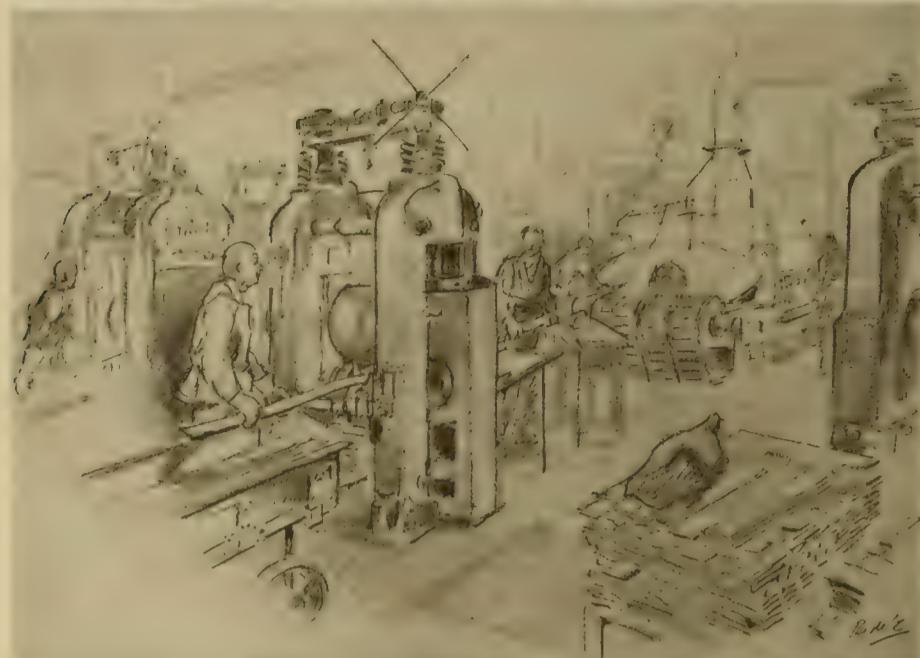
AND (RIGHT) A CRUCIBLE'S CONTENTS ARE BEING POURED INTO VERTICAL MOULDS TO FORM BARS

established the London Mint in 672. A few years later Alfred the Great took over this Mint and from this point the London Mint has a continuous history, though there were still, however, a number of provincial Mints, and it was not until 1279 A.D. that they were subordinated to the London Mint, and it was in 1300 that the London Mint was established in the Tower. Edward VI. closed the local mints and henceforward coins in gold and silver were struck in the London Mint; except during the reign of Queen I., and during the Civil War and in 1696, when there was a great recoinage of silver money. Coining by the hammer was abandoned in 1662

and the London Mint mechanised in that year, when Blounteau persuaded Charles II. to introduce machinery, including several improvements which he had himself invented. The Mint was reorganised at the end of the eighteenth century and moved into its present buildings on Tower Hill during the years 1806-11; and the Royal Mint was reorganised again into its present composition following a Royal Commission in 1847. It was in 1870 that the office of Master of the Mint was incorporated in that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the practical superintendence transferred to the Deputy Master and Comptroller.

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU

## FROM THE "FILLET" TO THE BANK: PRODUCING THE NEW REIGN'S COINAGE.



THE BARS OF COIN METAL (RIGHT FOREGROUND) ENTER THE ROLLING MILLS (LEFT CENTRE) AND ARE ROLLED INTO FILLETS OF THE CORRECT COIN THICKNESS.



IN THE CUTTING ROOM: HERE COIN BLANKS ARE MACHINE-CUT (LEFT) AND TESTED (RIGHT). THE WASTE PUNCHED METAL, OR "SCISSEL," IS BROKEN UP AND REMELTED.

**I**N the previous pages of our Artist's impressions of the Royal Mint, we have been concerned with the production of the dies for the coins and the metal of which the coins are being made. Here we reach the final stages. The bars of metal are rolled into fillets of the right thickness to an accuracy of about 1-2000th of an inch. From these strips blank discs are cut, annealed or softened in rotary furnaces, washed and dried. They are then "edge-marked" to make them uniform in diameter and to raise the rim, which protects the design against wear. These blanks then enter the coining presses, where they receive the impression of the Obverse and Reverse designs and, if they are cupro-nickel coins, are also

*[Continued on right.]*

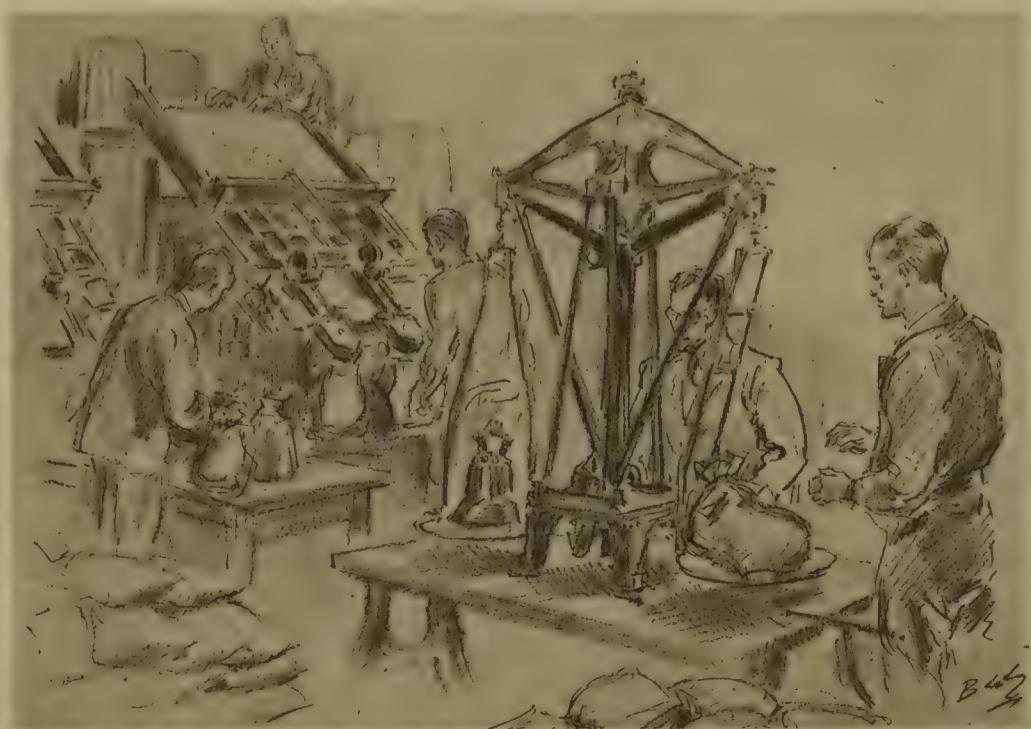


THE COIN PRESS ROOM: HERE THE COIN BLANKS, AFTER ANNEALING, BLANCHING AND DRYING, ARE FEED INTO THE PRESSES AND IMPRESSED.

*Continued.]*  
milled on the edge. Both "heads" and "tails" are impressed at the same time. These coin presses work at the rate of about 90- to 120 blows a minute and the pressure varies from 30 to 140 tons per square inch, according to the diameter of the die and the degree of relief. After examination the coins are mechanically counted and bagged and the bags, after weighing, are put in the strongbox in readiness for delivery to the banks. From each "journey weight," of 720 ozs. Troy, two pieces are set aside for examination, one by the Mint Chemist and Assayer before delivery of the "journey" and the other after the end of the year by a jury (drawn from the Goldsmiths' Company) at the Trial of the Pyx.



IN THE TELLING ROOM: THE FINISHED COINS PASS ALONG A MOVING BELT, THROUGH THE "MANGLES," AND ARE SCRUTINISED CLOSELY FOR ANY DEFECTS BEFORE THEY ARE PASSED.



ANOTHER PART OF THE TELLING ROOM: HERE THE COINS, FOLLOWING THE SCRUTINY, ARE MECHANICALLY COUNTED (UPPER-LEFT) AND FEED INTO BAGS CONTAINING £100 EACH (IN THE CASE OF CUPRO-NICKEL), EACH BAG BEING THEN WEIGHED (TO 1-100TH OF AN OUNCE) AND MADE READY FOR STORAGE AND DELIVERY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

## AN ANCIENT TRADITION REVIVED: THE CORONATION CROWN PIECE.



BEARING A PORTRAIT OF EDWARD VI. MOUNTED: THE FIRST SILVER CROWN IN THE ENGLISH COINAGE, 1551.



THE EQUESTRIAN PORTAIT TRADITION REVIVED BY JAMES I.: THE SILVER CROWN, WITH A LIKENESS OF THAT MONARCH.



THE CROWN PIECE OF CHARLES I.: NICHOLAS BRIOT PRODUCED THE MOST SUCCESSFUL DESIGN FOR THIS COIN.



THE PORTRAIT ON WHICH THE CORONATION CROWN PIECE DESIGN IS BASED: THE QUEEN WHEN SHE TOOK THE SOVEREIGN'S SALUTE AT THE BIRTHDAY PARADE IN 1951.



THE DESIGN FOR THE CORONATION CROWN PIECE: THE QUEEN, MOUNTED, IN UNIFORM. H.M. IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS.

The obverse of the Coronation Crown Piece to be struck this year will bear an effigy of the Queen, mounted, wearing the uniform of Colonel of the Grenadier Guards (her Majesty is now Colonel-in-Chief of the Brigade of Guards). The design shows Elizabeth II, wearing the uniform in which she appeared when she deputised for his late Majesty on June 7, 1951, and took the Sovereign's Salute for the first time at the Birthday Parade. Mr. R. A. G. Carson, Department of Coins and Medals, British Museum, writes: "The design by Mr. Gilbert Ledward for the obverse of the new Crown which will form part of the Coronation coinage shows the Queen in the uniform of Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, seated side-saddle on horseback, a position which makes it necessary in this case for the portrait to face to the left. An old tradition of equestrian portraiture in coin design, particularly for the crown piece, is thus revived. Just over 400 years ago, in 1551, the first silver crown in the English coinage portrayed the mounted figure of the young King Edward VI., crowned and in armour and carrying a sword inclined against his

shoulder. The richly-caparisoned horse gallops to the right. The design, in which the King himself is said to have taken great interest, is a vigorous piece of Renaissance work, suited to its circular frame and requiring no ground line. Neither Mary nor Elizabeth I. struck this type, though seals of the latter had an equestrian portrait, as did those of Anne and Victoria. James I. revived the type for his crown piece, whose general effect is stately enough. The horse and its trappings, including an unduly prominent crowned rose, are stiff. The design, impinging at several points on its frame and set on a solid ground line, seems cramped. Among the equestrian designs for the crown pieces of Charles I. the most successful was that by the Huguenot exile, Nicholas Briot. The horse, now shorn of its caparison, is naturally drawn and accords well with the proportions of the King's figure. Instead of a formal hard line, the ground itself is drawn in and, above, the upheld sword pleasingly breaks the beaded circle. The new design, more monumental than metallic, while a pleasant return to an old tradition, fails to recapture the vigour and grace of the earlier types."

GLANCING through the pages of a diary of the early days of the year 1919, I have been impressed by the slight reaction of the unpleasant events in progress in other parts of the world. Hardly a mention of them occurs. War and near-war might be going on in Eastern and Central Europe; but the Great War was over, and we were concerned only with winding up the business. So far as I was concerned, it was a leisurely process. A fair amount of hard work was involved, but, whereas only a few months before the working day had run from 8 a.m. until midnight, with intervals for meals, now there seemed to be time for skiing, riding, walking, bridge, the opera, the play, and concerts, with a liberal amount of leave. Many differences can be found between the atmosphere of those days and that of early 1946, but the essential difference was that in the former period we had achieved "freedom from fear," whereas in the latter some anxiety about the future was already present at the back of the minds of all thoughtful people. We saw hunger about us in Germany, but supposed that this would soon pass. We knew vaguely that there was a great deal of misery elsewhere. The thing was that the war was over, and no other great war was possible for a very long time, perhaps not in our lifetime.

It may be said that our attitude was selfish and that the sufferings of others should have touched us more closely. Perhaps so, but relief was so powerful an influence that it inevitably overmastered all others. I imagine it is impossible for the generation of officers which found itself placed a few months after the end of hostilities in the Second World War in a situation similar to mine at the end of the First to realise what I and my companions then felt. The younger generation certainly had its gaiety, but this lacked the assured background which ours enjoyed. I do not deny that there was unrest among the rank and file, though much less in occupied Germany than in the bases in France; but I saw no signs of it among even those officers who were hoping for immediate return to civil life. The two generations, of course, shared the sense of deliverance from immediate physical danger, but the younger one did not experience that splendidly invigorating sensation of the lifting of a great weight from the shoulders. This sensation was probably all the stronger because for us victory had come more suddenly and only about half a year earlier we had appeared to be facing defeat.

Then, as later, we were much concerned with education. "I am, it appears," a glum entry reads, "going to be very busy, as all education has been turned over to me." Well, I was sometimes pretty busy, but not as much so as I had been before and have often been since. Nor, I must add, did I actually educate anybody. My job was administration, which involved a great amount of correspondence and the drawing-up of frequently-altered time-tables. The majority of the men went off so soon for demobilisation that they can have benefited only a little from my activities, but at least the schools helped to keep their minds occupied. A few certainly benefited a great deal. On the whole, the technical education was in my view more successful than the general. The British Army of the Rhine possessed plenty of skilled craftsmen and plenty of equipment. The start of another enterprise is indicated in the following entry: "Went for a ride in the morning in search of a site for an agricultural school. I found one after considerable trouble. In the afternoon I took White [the prospective commandant] and the German interpreter to see it and we fixed things up with the farmer." It went well for a time.

This was in March, by which time everything had settled down. Communications had earlier been in a chaotic state. On Sunday, January 5, I started off on leave home and had an adventurous journey: By car and train I went from our fastness in the Eifel to Cologne, arriving at 5 p.m., and dining at the Dom Hotel. A much-boomed train for officers, called the Cologne-Boulogne express, had just begun to run. I noted: "The R.T.O. (damned liar) said we could get into the train about midnight, so I did not go to an hotel, but waited from 11 at the station." I must explain that it was a hospital train, so that it was obviously better to get into a comfortable bunk at midnight than spend a few hours in a cold hotel room. But January 6 records that the train did not enter the station until 5 a.m. Over an hour later we crawled out. Then began interminable games of bridge. By dinner-time we had got to Charleroi, where we got off and had a meal at the Expeditionary Force Canteen Club. Otherwise resources were limited to sandwiches, coffee and whisky.

Altogether that train took forty-four hours to reach Boulogne, where, after wandering about for some time, I got into a very small hotel and was accommodated in a room which had no window. On Wednesday,

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### 1919: JUNIOR STAFF OFFICER IN GERMANY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the 8th, I crossed to Folkestone. Let it be noted that this was an officers' express, which I believe later on made the journey in twelve hours. However, I was young and fit, and leave was ahead. The hours the troops spent in their trains when returning for demobilisation or leave would have carried them all over Europe in normal times. It is only fair to recall that the armistice was less than two months distant, that tracks had been hastily repaired, and that controls had been restored only in a primitive way. I regret to say that the chief events of that leave, to judge by the record, were meals. There is mention, however, of "Twelfth Night" and a ballet called

A VOICE FROM THE SKY IN THE INDO-CHINA WAR.



FITTING A QUADRUPLE LOUD-SPEAKER UNDER THE BODY OF A FRENCH *Dakota* AIRCRAFT USED FOR BROADCASTING PROPAGANDA SLOGANS TO THE VIETMINH COMMUNIST FORCES.



IN THE BROADCASTING AIRCRAFT: THE PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE OFFICER (FOREGROUND, LEFT) DISCUSSES WITH THE CREW (BACKGROUND, CENTRE) WHETHER A FLIGHT TO A PARTICULAR SPOT IS FEASIBLE.

In their campaign against the Communist forces of the Vietminh, in Indo-China, the French Army are testing a combination of propaganda broadcasting and leaflet-dropping. A *Dakota* aircraft has been fitted with a powerful radio transmitter, with a large, quadruple loudspeaker attached to the underside of the aircraft. By this means words broadcast in the aircraft are audible on the ground below when the aircraft is at 3000 ft. or rather more. By this means particular propaganda points are made to groups of Vietminh troops or supporters, willy-nilly, below; and in particular cases the points are emphasized or expanded by the dropping of leaflets. The aircraft, which has the Vietnamese name of "Tieu-The No-Le" ("Burnt Earth"), carries a flight crew of four, a psychological warfare officer and two radio operators.

"Midnight Sun" ("not very good"). I was back at divisional headquarters, in the pleasant little hill-town of Schleiden, by January 28.

We now went through a curious transformation, in the course of which I was to see train movements carried out in very different style. My division, the 62nd (West Riding), was gradually to become a "Highland Division." This change was to be carried out by bringing in Lowland Scottish battalions, which came faster than the original battalions departed, so that at any given moment we had considerably more than the normal infantry establishment. As our divisional commander was responsible for a very large area, part industrial, part mountainous and sparsely inhabited, and it was desirable that the new division should be well disposed for its duty as reserve to the forces in the bridgehead east of the Rhine, a great deal of movement took place. The G.S.O.1 was frequently

absent, and finally went to another appointment, without being replaced. The ordering of trains thus fell to the G.S.O.2, Major (now Major-General) Bissett, and myself as G.S.O.3. We formed the opinion that "Transportation" in Cologne, with whom we made arrangements on the telephone, must be highly efficient. We were very likely correct, but I discovered on visiting the office during a trip to

Cologne, that a large part of its job consisted in telling the German railway directorate what was wanted. It was remarkable to arrive at some little station early in the morning and find a long German troop train steaming slowly in, five minutes ahead of time.

Gradually the new division took shape. The first Scots battalion arrived on February 20, and on March 15 we became officially the Highland Division, though the Yorkshire troops remained. Most senior officers went down a step in view of the contraction of the Army which had already taken place, and the three brigade commanders had all been temporary major-generals in command of divisions.

Finally a new divisional commander arrived, Sir David Campbell, on whom we all looked with a certain awe, because in his younger days he had ridden the winner of the Grand National. He was to win a steeplechase a good deal later, when Commander-in-Chief at Aldershot. Education must have slipped into the background, for I find little further reference to it. The day's entry now frequently ended with records of games of bridge, either in "A" Mess (the General's) or "B" (that to which I belonged), often with a note that they had been "disastrous," but occasionally with a report of substantial winnings.

The Eifel afforded shooting and skiing, though unfortunately the snow did not last long that year. I rarely went to the opera in Cologne, which was excellent but far off. From mid-March I had plenty of that kind of entertainment, humbler but still good, nearer at hand. On March 13 we moved headquarters to the paper-making town of Düren. We said good-bye to Schleiden with deep regret, and I wrote in my diary: "I certainly never thought I should be so sorry to leave any place in Germany." Yet there were compensations. Düren possessed a stock opera company, which performed anything from "Il Trovatore" to the farcical light opera "Der Waffenschmied" at the Stadt-Theater. On one occasion they combined the short "Cavalleria! Rusticana" with a concert, the standard being extremely high. Düren was not a big town, but was supposed to have one of the highest incomes per head in Germany, so could support a good company paid at the slender rates of those days.

This led to another of the odd jobs coming the way of the G.S.O.3. I was bidden to organise performances for the troops. As happened after the Second World War, "fraternisation" was forbidden, but this did not apply to me and to the Intelligence Officer, who spoke fluent German. So far as the opera company was concerned, we were free to have any dealings with them falling within the needs of the Service. These once or twice were stretched to include supper parties. The singers were Bohemian. Nationality and patriotism meant less to them than to the average individual. Their Fatherland was music. Whereas many citizens, especially the older men, assumed an expression of reserve which bordered on a scowl, the light-hearted folk of the company showed no resentment. They laughed, chattered, and drank punch with us. They even sang for us, and we had some pleasant evenings, after which we went back and told our superiors how hard we had worked to make arrangements for the next show. We found it necessary to attend rehearsals. The troops liked best concerts or operas which could be followed without understanding the words. "Der Waffenschmied," for all Lortzing's pretty music, was a flop because the men could not understand the jokes.

The divisions which remained in France, the great bulk of the Army, lived among friends. I believe, nevertheless, that those forming part of the British Army of the Rhine were the happiest. All had wanted to get to Germany, and those which were chosen were pleased with their luck, at all events in the early days of which I have written. The fact that definite military duties had to be performed, though these were not arduous, made it easier to maintain a high standard of discipline than it seems to have been in France. By comparison with the man in the ranks, and even the regimental officer, I was privileged, if harder worked, but I found it all both enjoyable and interesting. From what I saw of Germany immediately after the Second World War, occupation service may have been interesting, but it was not enjoyable.



THE SUBMARINE'S DISTRESS SIGNAL: THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW MARKER BUOY, DIAGRAMMATICALLY EXPLAINED.

When, for any reason, a submarine is unable to come to the surface after diving, its principal means of distress signal is the marker buoy, which is released from the hull and floats to the surface, there emitting a signal. We illustrate here the latest type of submarine marker buoy, which has now been approved by the Admiralty and will be fitted to all H.M. submarines as and when they come in for refit. The buoy is constructed of a light but strong metal alloy and is in the form of a drum within a drum. The space between the drums is packed with 216 watertight metal capsules to give it buoyancy; and the inner drum contains the warning apparatus. This consists of a flashing light, mounted on the top of the buoy; and, in good conditions, the light can be seen from 3500 yards. It is

powered by two batteries (which give a minimum life of 42 hours and an actual effective life of 52 hours) and comes into operation immediately the buoy is released. A flag-mast is also mounted on the drum and this carries a red nylon flag; and twenty-four reflecting studs are mounted on the top of the drum. The upper parts of the buoy are painted with "Day-glow" special composition which makes it easily visible in daylight. Investigations are being made as to the possibility of fitting the buoy with a suitable radio transmitter, but in this connection there are many problems to be solved. The prototype buoy (without light) was fitted in H.M. submarine *Andrew*; and the complete type of buoy was fitted in H.M. submarine *Seraph* at the end of 1952.



#### AWARDED "SUPER-PRIORITY" IN THE RACE FOR CIVIL AVIATION DOMINANCE: THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA

Before it made its maiden flight on August 16, 1952, the Bristol *Britannia* airliner had been ordered by B.O.A.C., and the number ordered to date—twenty-six—constituted the largest single order the Corporation had placed for a single type of aircraft. On December 29 the Minister of Supply, Mr. Duncan Sandys, announced that the "Super-priority" scheme—which already covered the six Seletair types (the Handley *Hendy*, the Supermarine *S.2*, the *Gloster Meteor*, the English Electric *Canberra*, the Vickers *Vulcan* and the Fairey *Gannet*)—was being extended to include the two bombers, the Avro *Vulcan* and the Handley Page H.P. 80 and, most

significant, the three civil airliners, the De Havilland *Comet*, the Vickers *Viccount* and the Bristol *Britannia*. In making the announcement he said: "This emphasises the Government's determination to help the British aircraft industry to take fullest advantage of the remarkable technical lead which it possesses at present over all other countries. Our designers and engineers have succeeded in developing the first passenger aircraft in the world. The *Britannia* is a low-wing monoplane with a span of 140 ft., a length of 114 ft., and a height of 36 ft. It carries a crew of three to five, and its passenger accommodation can be adjusted to take between fifty

FROM THE DRAWING BY

C. E. TURNER.

#### THE FOUR-TURBOPROP LONG-RANGE HUNDRED-SEATER AIRLINER, ORDERED IN QUANTITY BY B.O.A.C.

and 104 passengers. It has a payload of 26,000 lb., and is reckoned to be one of the most efficient of long-range heavy-load carriers yet produced, and also the most economical type produced in Great Britain. Its general estimated performance is at present given as: a still air range of 4000 miles at 365 m.p.h. at 30,000 ft. It is powered with four Bristol *Pegasus* IIIs, rated at 3,000 h.p. Each engine has a take-off thrust of 4,100 h.p., with an additional jet thrust of 920 lb., and that this performance was combined with an extremely low fuel consumption and low temperature of the gases

at the entry to the turbine—features which unite to make it both efficient and economical. On December 29 Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C., announced that, as a gesture of friendship and to help the British aircraft industry in its export drive, he had offered to let Qantas Empire Airways, the Australian airline, have two of the *Britannia* aircraft ordered by B.O.A.C. in addition to its own. It is expected that *Britannia* will be operating the London-Australia route for both Marks I. and II. and that for some years to come *Britannia* and *Comet* (both Marks I. and II.) will form the backbone of the Corporation's fleet of airliners.

# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



FOR many months past gardeners have doubtless been considering how best to celebrate the Coronation, how, that is, to "say it with flowers," and trees, and shrubs, and gardens generally. The Press, and especially the horticultural Press, has for some time been weighing-in with assorted suggestions and advice as to what we should plant, and how. It's a wide subject, ranging as it does from permanent memorial Coronation planting to just going gay with flowers for the duration of the Coronation summer months. Looking back to the last Coronation, of 1937, I find that I did three things, two of which still exist as pleasant memorials. The third still exists. For my Six Hills Nursery at Stevenage I got a stonemason to cut a number of stone troughs in which to make miniature rock-gardens, and to mark the occasion I had "G.R." and the date carved on one side of each trough, in lettering specially designed by Eric Gill. As far as I can remember, a dozen of these troughs were cut—and sold—and I have little doubt that they all still exist scattered about the country. To my great regret—now—I let the last one go instead of keeping it for my own enjoyment. But how odd some people are. A man came to the nursery and wanted to buy the last one to give as a birthday present—but would I first have the G.R. and date obliterated? I refused to let him have it at any price or under any conditions, and gave him three pungent reasons why. Did I say "odd"?

My second Coronation memorial was an Irish yew. It stood then exactly 18 ins. high, and cost me exactly a penny per inch. To-day, it flourishes in my garden, a splendid 8-ft. specimen, erect, slender, with a perfect figure.

By way of a third celebration and memorial I invented and had tied a special Coronation trout-fly, for use on Coronation day. It still exists somewhere amid the numerous tins, boxes, books and packets of trout-flies that clutter my study and afford optimistic solace during the close season. It is a mad, fearsome, but highly patriotic insect in red, white and blue. Bluejay's-feather wing, a fat body of white samite, and a scarlet tag tail. Having listened in to the Coronation broadcast, I walked the three or four miles from my home to the lake in Knebworth Park, where for an hour no trout would look at my Coronation fly. Unpatriotic brutes! In the end, however, a large, definitely crazy, and probably cannibal old trout made an exasperated rush at the thing—and paid the penalty. Having celebrated successfully, my Coronation fly went into permanent retirement.

## THE CORONATION.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

A very large proportion of the proposals and suggestions for Coronation colour schemes and plantings that I have read have run almost exclusively to red, white and blue. Under certain circumstances, and for certain positions, a rigid adherence to those three colours, derived presumably from the Union flag, will no doubt be gay and appropriate for the occasion, if not as truly beautiful as might be. Splendid symbol though the Union flag is, it can hardly be counted a great work of art, an exquisite design or a truly lovely colour scheme. And so, if you want to express what the Union flag and the Crown stand for in red, white and blue, would it not be better and more effective to "say it" with bunting, and then express what we feel towards our beautiful young Queen with the utmost beauty in flowers that we can muster, all the most beautiful flowers we can

the country, are, as a race, tremendous gardeners, who seem to have caught an eye for colour from their own equipment, so much so that often their petrol-pumps look like pallid ghosts. Good luck to them. This year I hope their floral efforts will even beat the bunting.

In ordinary private gardens colour and the utmost beauty should surely be the aim—more colour and more sheer beauty than ever before, for our Queen herself is a true flower- and garden-lover. I know, because I once had a serious heart-to-heart talk with her Majesty. She probably does not remember the incident, but I do, very well indeed. It was when she was Princess Elizabeth, and still quite a little girl. It was shortly after she had been given the famous Welch cottage by the Welsh nation. The Queen's grandmother, the late Lady Strathmore, had invited my wife and me to lunch at her Hertfordshire home, and "the little Princesses" were staying there at the time. They came in at the end of lunch for dessert, and after lunch I asked little Princess Elizabeth about her Welch cottage, and whether it was to have a garden. That led to the question of what she should grow in it. Her views were quite definite, and she asked me to make a list for her. She wanted especially, I remember, pink roses, and pink carnations. When I suggested a few vegetables she added eagerly—oh, yes, tomatoes—and sausages; whereupon her mother, then the Duchess of York, suggested Welch rarebits. Upon that truly witty note the Welch garden list ended.

Quite apart from purely temporary flower plantings for the Coronation summer, it will be a pleasant thing to plant some really permanent memorial. An avenue of trees, or if you lack space for a whole avenue, at any rate a single specimen which will settle in and remain for many long years to come, as my Irish yew has done. That looks good for several centuries, and its habit and figure are such that it would never grow to be a nuisance, even in quite a small garden. That is a point to remember. Look well ahead, and don't plant some young forest tree which could eventually grow so large that either you or your successors would be tempted to cut it down in sheer self-defence and in order to enjoy sunshine in the house. If it is to be a memorial tree or shrub, the choice must be made whether to plant it actually on Coronation Day, or merely at some time, spring or autumn, during Coronation Year. If the former, the choice of variety should be made now, and the specimen secured now and potted-up, so that it really may be planted on the great day.



"I GOT A STONEMASON TO CUT A NUMBER OF STONE TROUGHES IN WHICH TO MAKE MINIATURE ROCK-GARDENS, AND TO MARK THE OCCASION I HAD 'G.R.' AND THE DATE CARVED ON ONE SIDE OF EACH TROUGH, IN LETTERING SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY ERIC GILL. AS FAR AS I CAN REMEMBER, A DOZEN OF THESE TROUGHES WERE CUT—AND SOLD . . ." ONE OF THE THREE WAYS IN WHICH MR. ELLIOTT COMMEMORATED THE LAST CORONATION, ALL OF WHICH HE DISCUSSES IN THIS ARTICLE ON CORONATION-YEAR ADVICE TO THE GARDEN-LOVER. [Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.]

think of in all the most beautiful colours there are?

In certain positions, plantings in red, white and blue will no doubt be gay and appropriate. Window-boxes, for instance, both on private houses and perpendicular acres of them on municipal and Government buildings, are almost certain to run to red, white and blue flowers; and they will no doubt hold their own amid the bunting that will be there too better than gentler, more beautiful colours would. Let us hope that this year there will be far more and far better window-boxes in every town, village and isolated house throughout the land than ever before. The folk who run petrol-filling stations, especially in

tables she added eagerly—oh, yes, tomatoes—and sausages; whereupon her mother, then the Duchess of York, suggested Welch rarebits. Upon that truly witty note the Welch garden list ended.

Quite apart from purely temporary flower plantings for the Coronation summer, it will be a pleasant thing to plant some really permanent memorial. An avenue of trees, or if you lack space for a whole avenue, at any rate a single specimen which will settle in and remain for many long years to come, as my Irish yew has done. That looks good for several centuries, and its habit and figure are such that it would never grow to be a nuisance, even in quite a small garden. That is a point to remember. Look well ahead, and

### "AN IDEAL GIFT."

THIS year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that, more than ever, there could be no better gift—to a dear friend, within one's family, to a business associate and particularly to friends overseas—than a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

THIS YEAR—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.





GREETING CORONATION YEAR AT THE "HAPPY AND GLORIOUS" CHELSEA ARTS BALL : PART OF THE SCENE IN THE ALBERT HALL AS BALLOONS SHOWERED DOWN AT MIDNIGHT ON OVER 5000 GAILY-COSTUMED REVELLERS.

Over 5000 revellers clad in fancy-dress costumes turned the interior of the Albert Hall, London, into a gaily-coloured kaleidoscope as they whirled round on the specially-laid dance floor on New Year's Eve and gave an exuberant greeting to 1953. On the stroke of midnight the dancers cheered the arrival of Coronation Year, and the art students' tableaux took the floor. Although more ambitious and better-executed than any seen in this midnight spectacle in recent years, as they

passed from the arena they were demolished in the traditional manner. The theme of the Ball was "Happy and Glorious," and a huge back-cloth depicted in brilliant colours the lion and the unicorn "fighting for the crown." It was designed by Mr. A. R. Thomson, R.A. In the centre of the dance floor was a "medieval" archway which came to life on the stroke of midnight—the centre pinnacle rising to reveal a tinselled sculpture of a woman.

## RECALLING IN ITS RITUAL THE "MORTE D'ARTHUR": THE LAKE-SACRIFICE OF WEAPONS AFTER A JUTISH BATTLE OF 1500 YEARS AGO— DISCOVERED IN DENMARK.

By T. G. BIBBY, M.A., Assistant Keeper of the Prehistoric Museum, Aarhus.

THE invasions of England which followed the withdrawal of the Roman legions in 407 A.D. and resulted in the complete subjugation of south and east England by the end of the fifth century were—as every schoolboy knows—carried out by the Angles, the Saxons and the Jutes. The traditional home of the Jutes is the Danish peninsula of Jutland and, while no traditions there exist of the invasion of England, legends dating back to the fifth century of our era do tell of considerable tribal movements at that time. In particular, the Danes themselves, previously a collection of tribes occupying South Sweden and the island of Zealand, are recorded as occupying the island of Funen and the Jutland peninsula during this century.

Startling confirmation of these westward movements of peoples through Scandinavia, and of the battles which must have occurred in the frontier zones between the tribes came to light in Denmark in the middle of the last century when, at four separate places in western Funen and eastern Jutland, large quantities of weapons were found lying strewn in peat-bogs. These weapons, while varying somewhat in date, could all be attributed to the third, fourth and fifth centuries A.D. There can be little doubt, in view of the well-authenticated sacred character of a large number of Danish peat-bogs and of the practice, recorded by Caesar and Orosius, of Germanic tribes offering the weapons of their defeated enemies to the gods, that these deposits in the peat-bogs were offerings made by the victors in battle of the weapons of their foes.

Since 1865, when the fourth weapon hoard was discovered, no further finds of a comparative nature and scale have been made—until, in 1950, the Illerup hoard came to light.

Some 13 miles inland from the east coast of Jutland, a link in a chain of lakes which forms a natural strategic barrier against an invading enemy from

operation by the Danish Heath Reclamation Association to convert the area into cornland.

It was in the course of this drainage operation that, in May, 1950, the workmen discovered, at a depth of about 4 ft. along a 30-ft. stretch of one of the ditches, a collection of old iron which considerably hampered their work. On dragging some of

this ironware to the surface and freeing it from mud, they found themselves handling a veritable arsenal of swords and spear-points. With commendable promptness the discovery was reported to the curator of the

at which excavation stopped. Only in a few cases, and at the deeper levels, have the mine-detectors been used to indicate precise locations of weapons, not because this is beyond their powers, but because experience has shown that the excavators, mainly students from the Scandinavian universities, prefer not to know in advance whether the area they are digging through contains anything exciting...

But what of the objects found? They consist so far of the weapons and equipment of about sixty warriors (Figs. 4-8); fifty-six swords of the "spatha" type—the long cut-and-thrust Germanic sword; forty-five shield bosses and the same number of knives, over 100 spear- and lance-heads and nearly 200 arrowheads, all of iron, lay strewn fanwise outwards from a point on what was at that time the shore of the lake. Among these weapons a smaller number of articles of equipment has been found, belt buckles and scabbard mounts of bronze, a steel and several fragments of the quartzite "fire-stones," which together form the Iron Age equivalent of the petrol lighter, an awl and a semi-circular bone comb with a tasteful geometric design (Fig. 7).

Throughout the area scarcely any object of wood came to light, part of a sword-hilt, the awl handle and an arrowshaft comprising the only wooden objects found. And this despite the fact that the peat has preserved every piece of wood faithfully and twigs showing the chisel-like marks of beavers' teeth abound. A dug-out boat, too (Fig. 3), found lying a little farther up the shore than the weapon deposits and possibly of a somewhat later date than they, has been perfectly preserved.

The explanation is doubtless to be found in the fact that the weapons were rendered unusable before being offered to the god-head that resided in the lake. Every sword is bent and twisted, sometimes into fantastic S-shapes, lance-heads and spear-heads are blunted and their barbs bent or hacked off (Figs. 4-8). Some of the

shield bosses have been battered into unrecognisable shapes. In addition, many of the objects show clear signs of the action of fire. A large proportion of the bronze mountings are half-melted, while lumps of melted bronze and burnt clay are often



FIG. 1. THE SCENE OF A JUTISH RITE WHICH CHIMES AN ECHO WITH THE "MORTE D'ARTHUR": THE VALLEY (ONCE THE LAKE) OF ILLERUP, IN JUTLAND, WHERE EXCAVATIONS (IN THE FOREGROUND) HAVE REVEALED THE AFTERMATH OF A GREAT BATTLE OF THE DARK AGES.

local museum in Skanderborg, who immediately informed Professor Glob, of the Prehistoric Museum in Aarhus, the nearest museum with facilities for large-scale excavation.

A regular excavation was commenced, under the leadership of Inspector Harald Andersen, in September of that year and has been continued during the summer months of the next two years. The third season's work has now been completed and it is now possible to gain some picture of the site as a whole.

Particular pains have been taken to remedy the shortcomings of the excavations of 100 years ago, and full advantage has been taken of the most modern advances in technique. In collaboration with the Laboratory of Peat Geology attached to the National Museum in Copenhagen, vertical sections have been taken through the peat layers and at intervals along these section walls series of peat samples taken for pollen-analytical investigation. By this means the proportion of pollen grains of the various plants can be determined and, in addition to giving a picture of the changes of vegetation throughout the slow swing of the millennia from the last Ice Age to the present day, provides a scale against which the relative age of any object found in the peat can be discovered.

All objects of interest are plotted in on the plans, not only the Iron Age weapons, which form the bulk of the objects discovered, but all other evidence of man's handiwork, from the elderberry bushes severed by the axe when the area was cleared sixty years ago to the occasional flint blades and scrapers lying in the extreme depths.

Normally, each object, when found and plotted in, is taken up forthwith, together with a sample of the peat in which it lay. But occasionally larger areas have been uncovered, down to just below the weapon layer, and the objects found left standing on short pillars to allow photographs to be taken of the objects lying as they were deposited.

Mine-detectors have been used with considerable success (Fig. 2) to indicate the level above the metal objects to which spades might safely be used, and to ensure that no metal objects lie deeper than the level



FIG. 2. DANISH SOLDIERS OF TO-DAY USING MODERN MILITARY EQUIPMENT TO FIND THE WEAPONS OF THEIR ANCESTORS OF 1500 YEARS AGO: MINE-DETECTORS BEING EMPLOYED AT ILLERUP TO PLOT THE LOCATION OF ANCIENT METALLIC OBJECTS UNDERGROUND.

north or south, the Illerup valley lies now as rich pastureland framed between forest-clad slopes (Fig. 1). But 2000 years ago it too was a lake, which gradually filled up with vegetable detritus until, within the memory of man, it formed a peat-hag—a chain of black pools lying among a waste of hazel and elderberry bushes. About the turn of the century the bushes were felled, the pools filled, the river channel deepened and the valley transformed into water meadows; and in 1950 a drainage scheme was set in



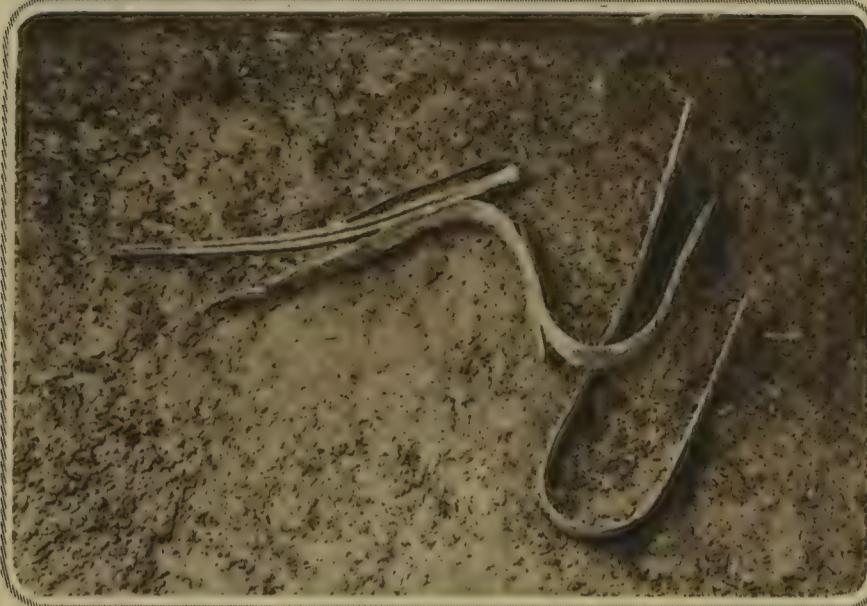
FIG. 3. EXCELLENTLY PRESERVED IN THE PEAT: AN OAKEN DUG-OUT CANOE, PROBABLY LATER THAN THE WEAPONS FOUND, EXCAVATED A LITTLE FARTHER UP THE OLD SHORE-LINE OF THE ILLERUP LAKE, IN EAST JUTLAND.

found firmly attached to sword-blades and lance-points. (The presence of clay on the blades proves conclusively that the site of the discovery can not be the site of the battle, for in the valley bottom there is no clay.)

It is clear that the weapons and equipment have been collected from the battlefield, piled into a pyre and burnt. Thereafter the surviving metal objects have been systematically destroyed before being transported down to the lake and thrown in.

(Continued opposite.)

## REVEALED, AS THEY WERE THROWN TO THE LAKE GODS: THE WEAPONS OF THE VANQUISHED OF JUTLAND IN 450 A.D.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 4. SACRIFICE TO THE JUTISH GODS 1500 YEARS AGO: TWO SWORDS, A LANCE-HEAD AND TWO KNIVES TWISTED AND CAST INTO THE ILLERUP LAKE AFTER A VICTORY, SHOWN AS FOUND *in situ*.

*Continued.*  
So far all the weapons found appear to belong to a single offering, and the battle to which it was the aftermath appears to have taken place about the year 450 A.D. It would therefore be reasonable to see in the Illerup hoard the relics of a not-inconsiderable battle, perhaps between Danes and Jutes, at the time when the Danes were moving into western Denmark and the Jutes were moving—or being driven—westward into the British Isles. It is interesting to speculate on whether the Jutes and their cousins, the Angles,

[Continued above, centre.]

*Continued.*  
took with them into England this custom of offering the weapons of their enemies to the gods and goddesses of the fens and the peat mosses; and whether we may not expect similar discoveries to be made in south and eastern England. In this connection an interesting parallel is found in the legend of the great opponent of the invaders, King Arthur, who, when finally defeated by a coalition of Anglo-Saxons

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) FIG. 5. WITH THE PEAT CUT AWAY TO SHOW THE OBJECT *in situ* AND CONVENIENT FOR PHOTOGRAPHING: THE HELMET-LIKE OBJECTS ARE SHIELD-BOSSES WHICH ADORNED AND STRENGTHENED THE CENTRE OF WOODEN SHIELDS.



(RIGHT.) FIG. 6. A GENERAL VIEW OF ABOUT FIFTY OBJECTS, AS FOUND, BUT WITH THE PEAT CUT AWAY TO DISPLAY THEM: THE WATER-LEVEL IN FRONT SHOWS THE SLOPE, DOWNTOWARDS TO THE RIGHT, OF THE ORIGINAL LAKE-BED.



FIG. 7. ABOUT EIGHTY OBJECTS FOUND TOGETHER IN THE SHALLOWS OF THE ANCIENT LAKE: THEY INCLUDE SPEAR-HEADS, ARROW-HEADS, BUCKLES, KNIVES AND PART OF A "FIRE-STONE."

*Continued.*  
and renegade Britons, ordered his sword to be cast into the nearest lake. Did the warrior-priests who, a generation earlier, threw into the mist-wreathed



FIG. 8. A LANCE-HEAD BENT ALMOST INTO A CIRCLE, A SMALLER LANCE-HEAD BENT INTO A HOOK SHAPE AND (RIGHT) A HELMET BOSS AND A SMALL UNIDENTIFIED METAL FRAGMENT. DETAIL OF FIG. 6.

waters of Illerup Lake the weapons which we dig up to-day, also see a hand "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," stretched upward to receive them?



I SUPPOSE it is a fair statement to say that no great master of drawing was so neglected for a century after his death as Alexander Cozens. In some degree this was due to a complete misunderstanding of his published method of teaching; and also, no doubt, to a distaste for what can best be described as the Oriental romanticism of his style, for much of his work betrays a natural affinity to the ideals of the Far East rather than to the more familiar tradition of Europe. During the past fifty



"AN OPEN LANDSCAPE"—THE BLOT; BY ALEXANDER COZENS (1717?—1786). 6½ by 7½ ins. British Museum.

This blot is "one of a unique series of five blots and five drawings from them which were found mounted in pairs by the late Sir Henry Hake in a portfolio at Hampstead." Like the finished drawing, illustrated on the right, it is reproduced from "Alexander and John Robert Cozens," by courtesy of the publishers.

years, a great deal of research has been carried out by numerous people which has set both Alexander and his son John Robert Cozens firmly upon the pinnacles due to them, and now we have a long-awaited study from the pen of Mr. Paul Oppé, which is, of course, as sound and as wise a piece of critical analysis as can be imagined.

Alexander was the son of Richard Cozens, one of several English shipbuilders who took service with Peter the Great. The most likely date of his birth is 1717, and he was brought up in Russia among that select circle of shipbuilders with English names who received special marks of favour from the Czar. He had a brother Peter, and two sisters. His own son, John Robert, died without male issue, so that the descendants of the family come down from the two girls and from Alexander's daughter—they are numerous in this country and, until 1914, there were many of them in Estonia. Apparently, by the middle of the nineteenth century the descendants of Alexander's daughter had persuaded themselves that the Czar had abducted a girl from Deptford and that Alexander was, in fact, his son, and this story was given out by Leslie in his "Handbook for Young Painters," in 1854. The only basis for this romantic tale seems to be a family tree in which an Imperial crown surmounts the names of Alexander, his brother Peter, and Alexander's two children, implying a more than ordinary relationship to the Czar, which, says Mr. Oppé, shows that whoever invented it was unacquainted with the habits of Peter the Great: "It is probable that the respect in which Peter held his foreign shipbuilders secured their wives from misadventures which neither ill-looks nor noble birth could avert from the ladies of his *entourage*, but, whether it did or not, the family genealogist spoilt his case by making both Alexander and Peter the sons of the Czar. This would imply a constancy of attachment such as could scarcely have failed to find a record in contemporary gossip. It may be merely that the Christian names Peter and Alexander suggested the story, and that the crowns were only meant to represent that the two sons were Peter's godsons. Nothing is more likely, since his godchildren were even more numerous than his bastards." While in Russia he would have been able

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### TWO BOOKS ABOUT DRAWINGS.\*

By FRANK DAVIS.

to learn much from the pictures and engravings which Peter the Great brought to Petersburg, and there were presumably some Eastern influences—all his life he treasured a drawing given to him by a Persian—if only because "Russia was in closer contact with Persia and China than Paris or London." Moreover, as Mr. Oppé points out, he was living among shipbuilding draughtsmen and "There is no art nor manufacture in which system, coherence, and design, not only functional but also aesthetic, are more necessarily involved than shipbuilding." By 1746 he was in Rome; and now comes an extraordinary story—this time a true story. When he was riding from Rome to England in that year a collection of fifty-three drawings dropped from his saddle and was lost. Thirty years later his son found them in Florence

and delivered them to his father on his return to England in 1779. The British Museum acquired them from his descendants in 1867.

He was drawing-master at Christ's Hospital, and afterwards at Eton. Not the least interesting and valuable part of the book consists of a reprint of the famous "A New Method of Assisting the Invention in Drawing Original Compositions of Landscape," with reproductions of twelve "blots" which can perhaps best be described as amplifications of haphazard jottings in which a summary notion of a landscape is set down and from which the pupil is encouraged to use his own imagination and, as it were, to improvise upon a set theme. This is how he puts it: "Reflecting one day in company with a pupil of great natural capacity . . . I lamented the want of a

mechanical method sufficiently expeditious and extensive to draw forth the ideas of an ingenious mind disposed to the art of designing. At this instant happening to have a piece of soiled paper under my hand, and casting my eyes on it slightly, I sketched something like a landscape on it, with a pencil, in order to catch some hint which might be improved into a rule. The stains, though extremely faint, appeared upon revision to have influenced me, insensibly, in expressing the general appearance of a landscape. . . . I laid it, together with a few short hints of my intention, before the pupil, who instantly improved the blot, as it

may be called, into an intelligible sketch, and from that time made such progress in composition, as fully answered my most sanguine expectations from the experiment." Later he discovered, with what interest may be imagined, that Leonardo da Vinci himself had made a somewhat similar suggestion when he wrote that "... upon an old wall . . . or the odd appearance of some streaked stones you may discover several things like landscapes, battles . . . etc. Out of this confused mass of objects, the mind will be furnished with abundance of designs and subjects perfectly new." The life of John Robert Cozens, which ended so tragically in madness, is considered in the concluding chapters. He added colour to the achievement of his father, but otherwise, it is suggested, the two men were so much in sympathy—they even used one another's



"AN OPEN LANDSCAPE"—THE FINISHED DRAWING; BY ALEXANDER COZENS (1717?—1786). 6½ by 7½ ins. British Museum.

This finished drawing made from the blot we reproduce on the left "is so full of incident within its simple scheme that it would seem impossible for it to have been suggested by the corresponding blot unless much, if not all, had been in the artist's mind before he made the blot."

sketches—that what the son did was not so much advance upon as complement the work of the elder.

The second book under-review is a Phaidon publication, printed with the usual clarity, of the drawings by the Carracci family in the Royal Library at Windsor. Well over 600 drawings are discussed by Professor Wittkower; eighty-four are illustrated on a large scale, and there are many others in the text. Once upon a time the three Carracci, Agostino and Annibale, who were brothers, and their cousin Lodovico, born in 1557, 1560 and 1555 respectively, were regarded as the equals of Michelangelo or Titian—by the beginning of the nineteenth century their paintings and frescoes were found to be theatrical and empty and have not yet become the subject of popular interest, nor do they seem likely to appeal to the modern world. Their drawings, however—and they were indefatigable draughtsmen—are a different matter altogether, for the two brothers especially did not confine themselves entirely to drawings which were deliberate studies for paintings, but were intensely curious about everyday occurrences, and jotted down on paper incidents from the workaday world of street and market-place and thus became the fathers of modern caricature. All three appear to have put pen or chalk to paper on the slightest provocation, even during a meal, and then took very little interest in the result, though they were eagerly collected during their lifetime. There is a well-authenticated story of one drawing in a Rome collection inscribed: "I tore this drawing from Agostino Carracci, who was about to wipe a frying-pan with it."

The Windsor Carracci drawings were purchased for George III. in 1762 and 1763. The book is mainly for the specialist, but the amateur who has, perhaps, been brought up to regard these men of extraordinary gifts as merely talented painters in a sterile and empty tradition will discover on what a solid basis of firm, fluid drawing their early reputation was founded. When they forgot the grand manner expected of them in their paintings, and work directly with pen and chalk, they even touch the heart, as in Plate 74—"The Virgin and Child with St. Elizabeth and St. John"—surely as noble and as tender a design as one could desire, with its beautifully balanced masses and softly flowing curves. How lamentable that such a conception degenerated so soon into the sentimental mawkishness of the church furnishing shop! It is scarcely necessary to add that Professor Wittkower's Introduction and notes on this difficult subject are marked by perspicacity and sense.



"VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ST. ELIZABETH AND ST. JOHN"; BY ANNIBALE CARRACCI (1560—1609). BLACK CHALK HEIGHTENED WITH WHITE ON GREY-GREEN PAPER. SOME STAINS. 12½ by 9½ ins. "When they [the Carracci] forgot the grand manner expected of them in their paintings, and work directly with pen and chalk, they even touch the heart as in . . . 'The Virgin and Child with St. Elizabeth and St. John'—surely as noble and as tender a design as one could desire." [Reproduced from "The Drawings of the Carracci at Windsor Castle"; by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen; and by courtesy of the publishers.]

\* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Alexander and John Robert Cozens," by A. P. Oppé. 69 Illustrations (Adam and Charles Black; £1s.); and "The Drawings of the Carracci in the Collection of her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle," by R. Wittkower. 85 Plates and 70 Text Illustrations. (The Phaidon Press; £3 3s.)

## DUTCH DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE LITTLE-KNOWN 18TH-CENTURY MANNER.



"SKATING SCENE"; BY JAN ANTONY LANGENDYK (1780-1818), ONE OF THE GROUP OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DUTCH WATER-COLOURS INCLUDED IN THE CURRENT BRITISH MUSEUM DISPLAY, ARRANGED IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



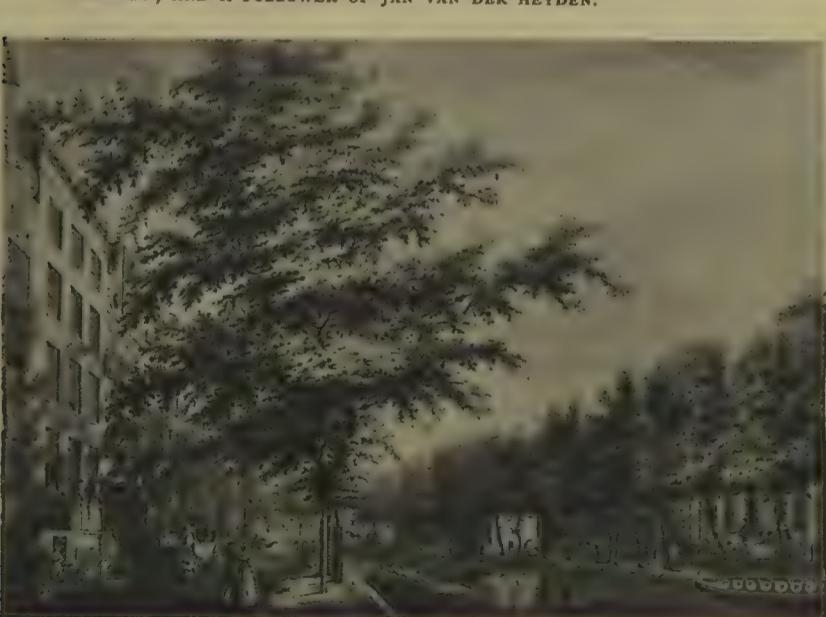
"OUTSIDE A COUNTRY HOUSE"; BY CORNELIS TROOST (1697-1750), AN ARTIST WHO IS SOMETIMES CALLED THE "DUTCH HOGARTH," OWING TO THE RESEMBLANCE OF THEIR STYLES.



"A PICTURE SALE AT THE OUDERZIJDSBEERENLOGEMENT, AMSTERDAM"; BY HUBERTUS PETRUS SCHOUTEN (1747-1822), A SON OF THE ETCHER, HUBERT SCHOUTEN, AND A FOLLOWER OF JAN VAN DER HEYDEN.



"A VILLAGE FAIR"; BY GERARD VAN BATTEM (1636-1684), A HIGHLY FINISHED WATER-COLOUR DRAWING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ON VIEW AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM EXHIBITION.



"VIEW OF THE KEISERGRACHT, AMSTERDAM"; BY HUBERTUS PETRUS SCHOUTEN (1747-1822), A WATER-COLOUR WHICH SHOWS GREAT AFFINITY WITH THE WORK OF ENGLISH ARTISTS OF THE SAME PERIOD.



"VIEW NEAR THE HAARLEM GATE, AMSTERDAM"; BY JACOB CATS (1741-1799). THE ARTIST, A PUPIL OF ABRAHAM STARRE, WORKED FOR THE TAPESTRY FACTORY, TROOST VAN GROENENDOELLEN.

It was not possible to include drawings in the Royal Academy current "Exhibition of Dutch Pictures 1450-1750," so the British Museum has drawn on its great riches, and arranged an impressive display of Dutch Drawings and Etchings in its Prints and Drawings Galleries, which provides an important supplement to Burlington House. The series of splendid Rembrandts are of arresting beauty; and interesting drawings by Jan Scorel, Lucas Van der Leyden and other early masters, as well as examples of the work of such artists

as Philips Koninck, Cuyp, Ruysdael and others are on view. The exhibition also includes a section devoted to work of a later date than any shown at the Royal Academy. This consists of a series of highly finished water-colour drawings of the eighteenth century, an aspect of Dutch art comparatively little known, even to collectors. The style of these water-colours has close affinity to that of the English water-colour artists of the same period, as may be seen from those we reproduce.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### TWILIGHT OF THE ASS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A SHORT while ago, I was being driven through the New Forest. My host, at the wheel, had just started to tell me about the ponies and donkeys having the right of way on the roads, by ancient law, when three donkeys came into view. They were walking in single file on the crown of the road. This alone made two-way traffic difficult, but when the middle donkey leisurely prostrated itself and commenced a luxurious and unhurried roll in the dust, while the other two looked on, all traffic was at a standstill, until the mokes chose to move on. It is doubtless exasperating to the motorist, but it is good to know that somewhere in the world donkeys are accorded that much respect. It contrasts with the traffic in donkeys, of which much was heard some twelve months or more ago, when the beasts were transported to the Continent, often under inhumane conditions, to be slaughtered for food. One result of this was the formation of a Donkey Club, with its headquarters in Sussex, with the object of fostering interest in the domesticated ass to offset such treatment.

To-day, and it probably has always been so, one section of the community seeks to accord all animals their natural rights, while, opposed to them, are those who will always destroy, unthinkingly and on the slightest provocation. There is, of course, a third section, perhaps the largest, which is supremely indifferent. It may be partly the result of the conflicting emotions of the first two that has given the ass its chequered career. As far back as we can trace its history, since it was first domesticated by the Ancient Egyptians, the ass has been at once hated and petted, put to every menial task yet revered, and, above all, while rendering many and varied services to man, has become a byword for stupidity, obstinacy and clumsiness.

Fifty years ago, or less, donkeys were a common sight in this country, used especially for drawing governess carts and costers' barrows. In Ireland and

But, if the ass has been reduced to the hall-mark of stupidity, it is largely what man has made of it, for its wild relatives have the characteristics of the more noble members of its family. They have the alertness, speed and build, and, indeed, while differing in colour and markings, still retain in some instances, as in the Somali wild ass, markings which show a distinct affinity with zebras. They have also the short, upright mane of the zebra. The tail is tufted, and there is a distinctive black line down the back, making a cross with the dark stripe across each shoulder. The long ears are, of course, both characteristic and proverbial.



A VALUABLE SERVANT TO MAN, TRADITIONALLY THE PERSONIFICATION OF STUPIDITY, WHOSE DAYS ARE NUMBERED WHERE CIVILISATION, WITH ITS MECHANICAL TRANSPORT, ADVANCES: THE DONKEY, OR "MOKE," A DOMESTICATED ASS; SHOWING THE WHITE MUZZLE, WHITE RINGS ROUND THE EYES, AND WHITE UNDERPARTS OF ITS WILD ANCESTORS.



A REMNANT OF THE WILD ASS ONCE WIDELY DISTRIBUTED ACROSS THE NORTHERN HALF OF THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA: THE SOMALI WILD ASS—THE STRIPES ON ITS LEGS REFLECT ITS NEAR AFFINITY WITH THE ZEBRA.

Photograph by F. W. Bond, F.R.P.S.; reproduced by Courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.

elsewhere they were, and in many places still are, widely used, being easy to feed and maintain. The increased use of mechanical transport is, however, rapidly putting them out of work, so that now, in this country, a donkey is a rare sight, occasionally seen peacefully grazing in a field, kept as a pet, or used for donkey rides on the sand at holiday resorts.

At one time wild asses must have been numerous over wide stretches of Africa and Asia; almost in proportion as the domesticated ass spread across the world, the range and numbers of the wild ass have diminished. The same thing has happened to the horse, but in more marked degree; zebras, which with the horse and the ass complete the family Equidae, although not domesticated and therefore denied the increases in artificial range, have undergone a severe reduction in both total numbers and natural range.

The African wild asses are variously described as a French grey or smoky-grey, but in winter, when the coat is longer, it becomes a sandy grey. The muzzle is typically white, the lips ash-grey, and there is a light-coloured ring round each eye. The undersides and the legs are whitish. Under domestication the colour has come to vary from nearly white throughout to almost black, but usually the light markings are discernible and often vestiges of stripes can be seen on the legs. Inhabitants of barren, stony ground, wild asses subsist on the fleshy leaves of desert succulents, which provide both food and drink. They are, therefore, independent of water and are, indeed, said to be afraid of water. The Algerian wild ass became extinct in Roman times. The Nubian wild ass, of the region between the Upper Nile, Ethiopia and the Red Sea, is much reduced in numbers, and is killed by the local tribesmen for its flesh whenever the opportunity occurs. In Ethiopia, where

wild asses were formerly found in large numbers, they are said now to be extinct, and the same race, the so-called Somali wild ass, is mainly restricted to the northern plateau of Somaliland. It is usually asserted that the domesticated ass sprang from the Nubian wild ass, but some authorities believe there may have been yet another race, now extinct, in Egypt, from which it was derived.

The Asiatic wild asses, more reddish in colour, were formerly living from Syria and Arabia in the west, through Persia to the deserts of Cutch in the north-west of the Indian peninsula, and north-eastwards into Transcaspia and Mongolia. They are now extinct in Syria and Arabia, and everywhere they have suffered from modern firearms, for their meat and hides. In addition, new-born foals are sometimes ridden down by horsemen to sell as domesticated animals. The Assyrian sculptures show that hunting

the wild ass is of great antiquity, but spears were less devastating than rifles, and they survived such hunting until firearms were invented. The Asiatic wild asses include the onager of Persia, the chigetai of Turkestan, the kiang of the Tibetan plateau, living at 15,000 ft. or more above sea-level, and the Indian wild ass or ghorkar. All are races of the same species, and a race of onagers formerly living in Asia Minor are the wild asses referred to in the Bible. All live on open plains, with scanty vegetation to feed on, but, unlike the African ass, they are seldom found far from water. They are also unlike in being strong and fearless swimmers, crossing even broad, swiftly-flowing rivers. Like the African ass, they are swift and sure-footed on land, but differ from it in being remarkably silent, giving only an occasional stifled bray.

The name ass is said to be derived from the Hebrew *athon*, which became *asnos* or *osnos* in the Greek and *assinus* in Latin, and, finally, *assa* in Anglo-Saxon. The word donkey comes late in history, apparently no earlier than the eighteenth century. Its origin is obscure, some say from *dun*, the colour of the animal's coat, and *kin*, meaning small. The correct pronunciation should, therefore, rhyme with "monkey." The nickname "moke" is first mentioned in print by Thackeray. The crest of the Dymoke family, which has provided the King's Champion since the 14th century, is a pair of asses' ears. The prevalence of punning in heraldry suggests Dymoke (dymoke), or two mokes, so that the name moke may be at least as old as the crest.

Finally, a story concerning the alleged stupidity of asses. In the days when I drove a car, I was visiting the Isle of Wight, and went frequently to a particular village. The road to this village was flanked on either side by common land. From the point where it left the main road, the road to the village ran on the flat for a hundred yards, then started to climb steeply for a quarter of a mile. An aged donkey habitually browsed on the common. As soon as a car turned into this side road it would make



A MEMBER OF THE ASIATIC GROUP OF ASSES THAT ONCE RANGED IN NUMBERS FROM SYRIA TO TIBET AND THE INDIAN PENINSULA: THE INDIAN WILD ASS, OR GHORKAR.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

its way across the common, on to the road, and walk stolidly in front of the car, thus denying the driver the spur to carry his vehicle up the incline. Hooting served no purpose, and the moke always returned to the common at the foot of the incline, leaving the car to climb as best it might. Was it habit, from having served so long between shafts that it felt impelled to be in front of a moving vehicle? Or was it malice, in protest at the noise? I watched that donkey walk so in front of many cars. The timing, the indifference to shouts, hootings or any other form of persuasion, the departure from the road at a point that gave least inconvenience to itself and the maximum difficulty for the car seemed all too-well-thought-out for habit to be the mainspring of the donkey's behaviour. I suspect that somebody in a car had once annoyed the beast. At least, I discount any idea of stupidity.

## THE INTERNATIONAL WAR ON LOCUSTS: RESEARCH WORK AT THE LONDON CENTRE



TESTING THE GASTRONOMIC PREFERENCES OF YOUNG LOCUSTS, TO HELP SELECT EFFECTIVE POISON BAIT: AT THE LONDON ANTI-LOCUST RESEARCH CENTRE.



SHOWING HOW THEY ARE HELD TOGETHER WITH A GLUE-LIKE SUBSTANCE: LOCUST EGGS, AND "HOPPERS." ONE FEMALE LAYS AN AVERAGE OF OVER 300 EGGS.



FULL-GROWN LOCUSTS: EACH INSECT, WITH A 5-IN. WING-SPAN, WEIGHS ABOUT ONE-TENTH OF AN OUNCE, BUT A SWARM MAY CONSIST OF SO MANY INDIVIDUALS THAT THE TOTAL WEIGHT RISES TO AS MUCH AS 20,000 TONS.

The locust is the symbol of destruction and the herald of famine, which from the earliest times dwellers in the East have fought and feared. Locust plagues are inclined to run in seven-year cycles. The present cycle, which began in Arabia between 1948-49, is one of the worst known; and last year India, Pakistan and Israel suffered invasions. In 1949 Dr. B. P. Uvarov, leading expert and Director of the London Anti-Locust Research Centre, was in New Delhi and advised the Indian Government to combine with Pakistan to fight the danger. Locusts may breed several times a year; each swarm may cover up to 200 square miles and



BRED FOR RESEARCH AT THE LONDON ANTI-LOCUST RESEARCH CENTRE: LOCUSTS IN A CAGE. THE ELECTRIC BULB REPLACES THE SUN, AND STICKS ARE FOR EXERCISE.



MARKING A LOCUST FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES AT THE LONDON ANTI-LOCUST CENTRE, WHICH WORKS IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE U.N. FOOD AND AGRICULTURE ORGANISATION: AN ASSISTANT.

travel up to 1500 miles non-stop. Last spring, for the first time, there was scientific co-operation all over the arc from Eastern Africa to Eastern India; but Persia, in her disturbed political state, is a danger-spot. The British Desert Locust Control, which this country finances with £1,500,000 a year, does fine work; and at the London Anti-Locust Research Centre, which has been operating for some twenty years (recently in co-operation with the Food and Agriculture Organisations of U.N.), the habits of locusts and best method of destruction are studied. Poison bait and spraying operations are both effective.

## PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK, AND THE NEW YEAR HONOURS.



**SIR CLIVE L. BAILIEU.**  
Created a Baron for public services. He is chairman of the Dunlop Rubber Company. Australian-born, and a former president of the Federation of British Industries, he led the trade mission to the Argentine in 1948.



**SIR HUGH O'NEILL.**  
Created a Baron for political and public services. Until recently he was Unionist M.P. for Antrim North and "Father" of the House of Commons. He represented Antrim constituencies for thirty-seven years.



**LORD EUSTACE PERCY.**  
Created a Baron for public services. He was President of the Board of Education, 1924-29. A distinguished educationist, he was Rector of the Newcastle Division of the University of Durham from 1937 until last October.



**MR. E. M. FORSTER.**  
Appointed a Companion of Honour. Mr. Forster, the seventy-four-year-old writer, lecturer and author, was responsible, with Mr. Eric Crozier, for the libretto of Benjamin Britten's opera, "Billy Budd."



**SIR ARTHUR HARRIS.**  
Created a Baronet. Commander-in-Chief of Bomber Command from 1942-45, he was knighted in 1942. Since the war he has been living in S. Africa, where he is the managing director of the S. Africa Marine Corporation.



**CAPT. J. H. F. McEWEN.**  
Created a Baronet. He was Conservative M.P. for Berwick and Haddington, 1931-45; Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, 1939-40; and a Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, 1942-44.



**SIR ERNEST POOLEY.**  
Created a Baronet. He is chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain; and on the Council and chairman of the Management Committee of King Edward's Hosp. Fund for London. Was Master of the Drapers' Company, 1944-45.



**MR. JAMES MILLER.**  
Designated a Knight Bachelor. He has been Lord Provost of Edinburgh since 1951. An architect by profession, he previously served as Convener, Chairman of the Committee, as Senior Magistrate and Deputy Lord Provost.



**MR. M. W. DRYSDALE.**  
Designated a Knight Bachelor. Mr. Matthew Watt Drysdale has been chairman of Lloyd's since 1949. He entered Lloyd's in 1908 and first served on the Committee in 1939. He served in World War I, in the Northumberland Fusiliers.



**MR. H. D. G. LEVESON GOWER.**  
Designated a Knight Bachelor. He is chairman, and a former captain, of the Surrey County Cricket Club. A famous cricketer, he captained the M.C.C. team to South Africa, 1909-10.



**VICE-ADMIRAL C. A. L. MANSERGH.**  
Designated a K.B.E. (Mil.). Vice-Admiral Mansergh has been President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, since 1952. He entered the Navy in 1914, and won the D.S.C. at Gallipoli.



**MR. HAROLD NICOLSON.**  
Designated a K.C.V.O. Mr. Harold Nicolson, the well-known author, was Governor of the B.B.C. in 1941-46. He was commissioned to write a biography of George V. His first book, "Paul Verlaine," was published in 1921.



**MR. HERBERT READ.**  
Designated a Knight Bachelor. Mr. Read, poet, author, publisher and critic, won the D.S.O. and M.C. in World War I. He edited *The Burlington Magazine*, 1933-39; and was Assistant Keeper V. and A. Museum 1922-31.



**MR. W. O. HUTCHISON.**  
Designated a Knight Bachelor. He has been President of the Royal Scottish Academy since 1950. He was Director of the Glasgow School of Art, 1933-43. A portrait and landscape painter, he is an Honorary Royal Academician.



THE BOWLER WHO WAS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR SOUTH AFRICA'S TEST VICTORY : HUGH TAYFIELD.

South Africa achieved one of the greatest triumphs in their cricket history when they beat Australia by 82 runs in the second Test Match at Melbourne on December 30 to level the series. It was South Africa's first victory over Australia for forty-two years. The superlative bowling of the off-spinner Tayfield, who took 7 wickets for 81 runs and had match figures of 13 wickets for 165, was largely responsible for South Africa's great victory.



THE CONFERENCE ON CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION : SOME OF THE LEADING PERSONALITIES

PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE OPENING SESSION IN LONDON ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.  
Final talks began in London on January 1 on the scheme for federation of the Central African territories of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. A decision for or against federation is expected from the conference, which was thought likely to last a fortnight. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Lord Salisbury; Sir Gilbert Rennie (Governor of Northern Rhodesia); Lord Swinton (Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations); Sir Godfrey Huggins (Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia); Sir Geoffrey Colby (Governor of Nyasaland); and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton (Secretary of State for the Colonies).



ELDEST BROTHER OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN : PRINCE CHICHIBU, WHO DIED

IN TOKYO ON JANUARY 3.  
Prince Chichibu, eldest brother of the Emperor of Japan, died of jaundice in Tokyo on January 3, aged fifty. The second son of the late Emperor Yoshihito, he was strongly pro-British, and spent some time in England, where he was an undergraduate at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1926. On the succession of his brother as Emperor, he devoted much time to social welfare and to the cause of science. He represented Emperor Hirohito at the Coronation of King George VI.



DECORATED FOR GALLANTRY AT THE LYNMOUTH FLOODS : P.C. D. R. A. HARPER (RIGHT) AND P.C. S. H. J. PAVEY.  
Two police constables of the Devon Constabulary, Lynton, are among those designated for awards for "courage, leadership and devotion to duty in extremely hazardous conditions on the occasion of the floods in Devon and Cornwall during August, 1952." Police Constable Harper receives the George Medal, and Police Constable Pavey the British Empire Medal. P.C. Harper carried out rescue work throughout the night and struggled through flood to summon more help.



PHOTOGRAPHED ON HER 104TH BIRTHDAY : MRS. CAROLINE BEALE.  
Mrs. Caroline Mary Beale, of Taylor Road, Wallington, Surrey, reached the age of 104 on December 30 last, when this photograph of her was taken. She enjoys good health, and rises at 7 a.m., and a few weeks ago opened a bazaar. She is a link with the eighteenth century, as her father was born in 1796.



THE AMBASSADOR-DESIGNATE FOR WASHINGTON : SIR ROGER MAKINS, DESIGNATED K.C.B. IN THE HONOURS LIST ; WITH LADY MAKINS.  
Sir Roger Makins, K.C.M.G. (cr. 1949), new British Ambassador for Washington, who was designated K.C.B. in the New Year's Honours List, left for the United States on December 31 in the *Queen Mary*, with Lady Makins. He entered the Foreign Office in 1928, and has had a brilliant career. Since 1948, he has been Deputy Under-Secretary of State, Foreign Office. He was Minister at the British Embassy, Washington, 1945-47. Lady Makins is American by birth.

## MODERN SCIENCE AND YOUNG BRITAIN: THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN EXHIBITION.



AN EVENT ON THE MODEL RACING CIRCUIT WATCHED BY A BREATHLESS CROWD: THE TRACK, CONSTRUCTED TO SCALE, WAS A MOST POPULAR EXHIBIT.



CAPABLE OF CLIMBING AND MANOEUVRING: A PERFECT SCALE MODEL OF THE CENTURION TANK, ON VIEW AT THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN EXHIBITION.



READY FOR A VOYAGE TO THE MOON: TWO BOYS FROM LAMBETH STUDYING THE INTER-PLANETARY MODELS ON SHOW AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALLS EXHIBITION.



BACK TO THE LAND: A LITTLE GIRL TRYING HER HAND AT MILKING WITH THE PRACTICE UDDER, WHILE A BOY (LEFT) HOLDS A MODERN SUCTION MILKER.



THE DREAM OF MANY A SMALL BOY REALISED: VISITORS ENJOYING A DEMONSTRATION OF THE MECHANISM OPERATED IN THE CAB OF A MODERN BRITISH RAILWAYS ENGINE.



INITIATION INTO THE NAVIGATION OF A SHIP: A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY HELD UP BY A SHIP'S OFFICER TO EXAMINE THE COMPASS IN A "MOCK-UP" OF AN OIL TANKER.

The Schoolboys' Own Exhibition, one of the delights of the holidays, was opened by Mr. Wilfred Pickles at the Horticultural Halls, Westminster, on December 31, 1952; and will continue until to-day, January 10. Many early dreams of small boys could be realised there. It was possible to enter the "mock-up" of a cab of a modern British Railways engine, and enjoy a demonstration of how the driver operates the engine; to be initiated into the mysteries of navigation by a ship's officer, who explained the compass in the "mock-up" of a petroleum



TESTING THE POWERS OF THE "MAGIC RAY" WHICH LIT GAS-FILLED LAMPS: THIS HIGH-POWER MAGNETRON VALVE PLAYED A PART IN MAINTAINING BRITAIN'S WARTIME RADAR LEAD.

tanker. There were working models of a Centurion tank, of racing cars on a track modelled after an international race track, and complete with all the appanage of a big meeting; and equipment for inter-planetary voyages, so that details of that trip to the Moon which scientists as well as schoolboys now dream of, could be studied in material form. Lest the achievements of science and the pace of our supersonic world should prove too exciting, it was then possible to take a restful pause on the milking-stool and practise on the model udder.

## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### GREATNESS ABOUNDING.

By ALAN DENT.

that the great Mr. Goldwyn has more sense than to try.

Meanwhile, all I have against "Hans Christian Andersen" (with or without his dancer) is that it is rather pretty and rather dull. It gives us Mr. Kaye exercising a restraint which seems to me quite alien to the ebullient nature of his art. The film is for a large part of its way on a level with—and, indeed, remarkably like—that early Disney "silly symphony" called "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." It has some jolly little tunes which

have a similar pleasing Disneyesque air. And for the remainder of its course it is a ballet-film, showing us the little dancer of whom it declares Andersen to have been hopelessly—or all but hopelessly—enamoured, in a ballet made out of his story, "The Little Mermaid." This dancer is played, or at least danced, quite deliciously by Mlle. Jeanmaire, and the choice of Liszt's music for this ballet seems to me to be aesthetically the most satisfying thing in the whole business. For in his curious and jerky alternations between the sinister and the sentimental Andersen himself has—if you come to think of it, and if you are not Danish in upbringing, and therefore quite hopelessly blind to everything but the man's charm—a queerly Lisztian flavour.

The truth is that for some of us Hans Andersen the man, from all that we can read about him here, was a distinctly odd fish. I have never thought the less of Charles Dickens for pretending to be "not at home" the last time Andersen called at Gadshill. I imagine that the

awkward physique, his eccentricities of behaviour, his fundamentally macabre imagination, and his habit of making fantastic drawings and silhouettes with paper and sharp scissors. Lovable? Scarcely for me. But Mr. Kaye contrives to make him seem so.

Another great one is John Philip Sousa, the master of the march and the world-shaking band-leader, whose biography is the subject of the film called "Marching Along." This film is as brisk as any of Sousa's own marches, and I must allow that I enjoyed it without any of the inhibitions and reservations I seem to have been summoning out of my nature in the matter of "Hans Christian Andersen."



"IT GIVES US MR. KAYE STRAIGHT AND NEAT (ALTHOUGH SOMEWHAT CURBED AND CONTROLLED) AND COMMUNICATES NOTHING WHATEVER OF THE QUEER PERSONALITY THAT WAS ANDERSEN'S": "HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN" (R.K.O.), SHOWING THE SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH HANS THE COBBLER (DANNY KAYE) LEARNS THAT THE BALLERINA (JEANMAIRE) IS TRULY IN LOVE WITH HER HUSBAND AND TAKES HIS LEAVE OF HER.

tempered with taste. But a fig for being temperate at this time of the year! So here goes!

The great Mr. Goldwyn has been waxing positively eloquent on the subject of Hans Andersen and in defence of the film he has made with Mr. Danny Kaye as the Danish story-teller. Judged as a film biography the work needs some defending, but it is only fair to give Mr. Goldwyn the first word and Mr. Kaye the last one. The former begins and ends his pronouncement with the statements: "Once upon a time there lived in Denmark a great story-teller named Hans Christian Andersen. This is not the story of his life, but a fairy tale about this great spinner of fairy tales. . . . What I set out to capture in this film was the spirit, the essence of these lovely tales, and I think the young in heart will, at least, be reminded of it by Danny Kaye's interpretation."

This seems to me fair enough. It would be still fairer to point out that the complete title of the film is "Hans Christian Andersen and the Dancer," though the last three words are added inconspicuously on the billing, with an air half of apology and half of afterthought.

The fact that Denmark has expressed itself dissatisfied and even indignant about Hans Christian Danny Kaye is fundamentally beside the point. With all possible respect to, and even love for, that dear little country, such an emotion was absolutely inevitable. In Copenhagen the worship of Andersen is as much in the air as in Scotland is the worship of Burns. If the great Mr. Goldwyn had decided instead to give us a picturesque film about the great Rabbie, casting for the poet the actor in his studio conforming best with that poet's features and romantic impetuosity—say Mr. Robert Taylor or some other such inoffensive soul—one has to be Scottish oneself to imagine the offence likely to be caused throughout Scotland at the mere suggestion, and the impediments likely to be put in the impresario's way in the execution of such a project. I should hazard the guess



"MR. KAYE EXERCISING A RESTRAINT WHICH SEEMS TO ME QUITE ALIEN TO THE EBULLIENT NATURE OF HIS ART": "HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN"—A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER (JOHN BROWN) TELLING HANS (DANNY KAYE) THAT HE MUST NOT KEEP THE CHILDREN OUT OF SCHOOL BY TELLING THEM STORIES.

It has its disappointments, as goes without saying. For many years, for example, I have harboured the pleasing illusion—I cannot think where I obtained it—that this prolific and ubiquitous bandmaster's original name was Juan Felipe So, that he came from his native Spain or maybe Brazil to New York, and that he liked things there well enough to alter his first two names to John Philip and his surname to Sousa, adding U.S.A. wittily to an appellation which, hitherto and so to speak, had been merely so-so.

The film "Marching Along" unfortunately gives no hint of this, and is, in fact, so unforthcoming about Sousa's origins that I am beginning to think I invented them years ago in some insomniac dream! If there, however, should be anything in my notion, it is a pity that this film did not perpetuate it, for Clifton Webb in his delightful portrayal of Sousa, is exactly the sort of man who might do such a thing in order to become a household word—one who startlingly developed from a poor bandmaster into a world-touring conductor and composer who eventually came to shake hands with Queen Victoria.

The Sousa of the film has an extremely helpful and understanding wife, and also a young protégé who ingratiate himself into the maestro's affections by inventing and playing the sousaphone—a huge form of bass-tuba which, to my way of looking and listening, is indistinguishable from the ancient serpent which accompanied the Mellstock Quire in "Under the Greenwood Tree."

But Sousa's career is really quite eventless, being nothing but one long triumph. The film's chief virtue, besides its omnipresent and omni-pleasant colour, is its brassy tunefulness. A wider selection might have been made of the marches. But I, for one, will never tire of things like "Washington Post," especially in that twiddly-bit in the middle which keeps on saying "tarara-pom" four or five times at intervals of two octaves or so! Such honest and sunny march-music makes me feel great—though I hasten to say that I here use the word "great" in a sense which is quite cosy and colloquial, and remote from its connotation in the earlier reaches of this page.



"THIS FILM IS AS BRISK AS ANY OF SOUSA'S OWN MARCHES": "MARCHING ALONG"—THE FILM BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN PHILIP SOUSA—SHOWING A SCENE AT THE BALL HELD TO INTRODUCE THE BOSTON TWO-STEP. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA (CLIFTON WEBB) IS DANCING WITH HIS WIFE, JENNIE (RUTH HUSSEY), WHEN HE IS SURPRISED TO SEE HIS PROTÉGÉ, WILLIE (ROBERT WAGNER), DANCING WITH LILY (DEBRA FAGET) INSTEAD OF PLAYING THE SOUSAPHONE IN THE BAND.

great Dickens would have been equally "not at home" to the great Abbé Liszt and for almost identical reasons.

It is a virtue of the film, therefore—though obviously not the virtue that Mr. Goldwyn had primarily in mind—that in avoiding anything like close biography it gives us Mr. Kaye straight and neat (although somewhat curbed and controlled), and communicates nothing whatever of the queer personality that was Andersen's, with his angular and



1



(1.) THREE DESIGNS APPROVED BY THE QUEEN: (L. TO R.) AN ALTERNATIVE ROBE FOR A BARONESS OR VISCOUNTESS, AND THE CONVENTIONAL BARON'S ROBE, BOTH WORN WITH THE NEW CAP OF STATE; AND THE CONVENTIONAL ROBE WITH CORONET FOR A MARCHIONESS. (2.) APPROVED STYLES FOR LADIES OTHER THAN PEERESSES ATTENDING THE CORONATION: THEY MAY BE OF ANKLE LENGTH IN SOME SUITABLE LIGHT MATERIAL, AND WORN WITH A HEAD-DRESS CONSISTING OF A VEIL. (3.) THE NEW CAP OF STATE FOR PEERESSES WHO DO NOT POSSESS CORONETS: IT IS CARRIED OUT IN CRIMSON VELVET, TO FIT THE CROWN OF THE HEAD, AND HAS A KNOT OF GOLD BRAID ENDING IN DROP PEARLS.

CORONATION DRESS FOR PEERS AND PEERESSES, AND STYLES FOR LADIES NOT WEARING ROBES: SIMPLIFIED SPLENDOUR IN ACCORDANCE WITH OFFICIAL REGULATIONS.

Simplified Coronation robes were last week exhibited at Norman Hartnell's by arrangement with the Earl Marshal's office. The alternative robe for Baronesses or Baronesses is of crimson velvet trimmed with miniver pure (velveteen and coney may, however, be used), and is similar in style to the traditional kirtle, but without sleeves and with a cape collar of miniver. It is cut all in one, unlike the traditional robe which consists of a separate kirtle, train and cape. It opens to

show the dress, which must have no colour, but may be brocaded or embroidered in gold or silver. The front is not scalloped, except at the hemline, where two deep scallops form a train. Designs for Caps of State for peers and peeresses who do not possess coronets have been approved. Ladies, other than peeresses, attending the Coronation may wear ankle-length dresses, with head-dresses consisting of a veil falling from the crown or back of head not lower than the waist.

## AT HOME AND IN KOREA: EVENTS AND EPISODES OF NOTE, INCLUDING A CRASH WITHOUT LOSS OF LIFE.



AN AIR ACCIDENT WITHOUT LOSS OF LIFE: THE TAIL PORTION OF THE CRASH-LANDED AER LINGUS DAKOTA AIRLINER SUSPENDED IN A TREE.



THE WRECKED AER LINGUS DAKOTA AIRLINER AS IT CAME TO REST AFTER CRASH-LANDED IN A FIELD NEAR SPERNALL ASH: NONE OF THE TWENTY-TWO PASSENGERS

ON BOARD WERE INJURED.

On January 1 an Aer Lingus Dakota airliner crash-landed in a field near Spernall Ash after one of its engines had cut out and the other was failing. It tore through two hedges and hit a tree in which the tail portion remained suspended, then coming down in a ploughed field. The passengers were unhurt, and the pilot and navigator only slightly injured.



VIEWING A TUNNEL IN KOREA: MAJOR-GENERAL M. A. R. WEST (LEFT) AND CAPTAIN M. C. BLAIR, Royal Engineers of the Commonwealth Division in Korea engaged in building underground offices for Divisional H.Q. hewed out a 200-ft.-long tunnel from solid rock. When the ends met Major-General M. A. R. West handed a bottle of brandy through a hole to an officer on the other side.



THE FIRST TRANSMISSION TOWER, 136½ FT. HIGH, OF THE NEW ELECTRICAL SUPER-GRID SYSTEM, NEAR TILBURY. The super-grid system which will eventually link major electricity generating stations and carry bulk power throughout the country is beginning to be erected between Elstree and Tilbury, and the first transmission tower (one of 217 in this stretch) was viewed by Electricity Authority representatives on December 29.



IGNORED BY THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE STARLINGS: A CAGE-TRAP BAITED WITH VEGETABLE PEELINGS. Our photograph shows an official inspecting a 3-ft.-diameter cage-trap set to catch some of the 30,000 starlings infesting Trafalgar Square. During the first three weeks of its installation it only caught one bird. Many other devices have been tried but have also proved unsuccessful.



THE FIRST SUPERSONIC AIRCRAFT TO ENTER R.A.F. SQUADRON SERVICE; AND THE FIRST CANADIAN-BUILT, AMERICAN-DESIGNED SABRE JET FIGHTERS TO BE DELIVERED.

The Air Minister, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., received on January 2 at Abingdon R.A.F. Station, eight Canadian-built, American-designed F86E Sabre jet fighters, the first batch of nearly 400 to be delivered to Britain. Further convoys will cross the Atlantic during the coming months and it is expected

that deliveries will be completed during the year. This first batch are to go to R.A.F. squadrons of the 2nd Allied Tactical Air Force in Germany. British swept-wing supersonic fighters, such as the Hunter and Swift, are already in "super-priority" production for the R.A.F.

## THE BELFAST AIR DISASTER, AND CURRENT EVENTS IN EUROPE AND ASIA.



AN INCIDENT DURING  
"OPERATION BRETAGNE": FRENCH ARMY  
OFFICERS EXAMINING  
DOCUMENTS FOUND ON  
A PARTY OF VIETMINH  
SOLDIERS, DISGUISED AS  
CIVILIANS, CAPTURED  
NEAR HANOI.

A feature of the war in Indo-China has been the infiltration by Vietminh forces into areas occupied by the French. For the last few weeks the French have been conducting "Operation Bretagne" designed to clear the Red River delta of such roving bands, and their mobile columns have met with considerable success. Our photograph was taken during these operations, and show a party of Vietminh soldiers who had disguised themselves as civilians to avoid capture.



THE FUNERAL OF MGR. AGOSTINI, PATRIARCH OF VENICE: A VIEW OF THE PROCESSION,  
WITH THE COFFIN CARRIED IN A GONDOLA, TO ST. MICHAEL'S CEMETERY.  
Mgr. Agostini, Patriarch of Venice, who was to have been created a Cardinal at a secret consistory on January 12, died on December 28. After lying-in-state in the baptistery of St. Mark's Basilica, the Patriarch was buried in St. Michael's Cemetery, Venice, on December 31, the coffin being borne to its last resting-place in a special gondola.



(Right.) Shortly after 9.30 p.m. on January 5 an "Admiral" class airliner, a converted *Viking* of B.E.A., flying from London to Belfast, was approaching the runway of Nutt's Corner Airport, Belfast, when it struck a beacon just outside the airfield and then crashed into the radio control building. Wreckage was thrown over a wide area and the aircraft caught fire. Of its complement of thirty-five, including two children and a baby, twenty-seven were killed. Some of the eight survivors were seriously injured. This was the first major B.E.A. air crash since October, 1950, when twenty-eight died in a *Viking* crash at London Airport.

RESCUERS AT WORK AMONG THE DEBRIS OF THE CRASHED VIKING AT BELFAST AIRPORT—  
IN WHICH TWENTY-SEVEN PERSONS PERISHED—THE WORST B.E.A. AIR CRASH SINCE THE  
LONDON AIRPORT DISASTER OF OCTOBER 31, 1950.



ATTENDED BY 200,000 PEOPLE: THE FUNERAL OF A WEST BERLIN POLICE SERGEANT SHOT BY RUSSIAN TROOPS IN  
THE FRENCH SECTOR ON CHRISTMAS DAY—A VIEW OF THE PROCESSION TO THE TEGEL CEMETERY.  
A West Berlin police sergeant, Herbert Bauer, was shot by Russian troops on Christmas Day while preventing the Russians from kidnapping a German family. It is alleged that the fatal shots were fired from inside the French Sector. On December 30 a State funeral, attended by 200,000 people, took place in West Berlin at which the Lord Mayor gave the funeral oration. There were wreaths from the West German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, and the Allied Commandants in Berlin.



THE WIDOW OF POLICE SERGEANT HERBERT BAUER AT THE  
CEMETERY: FRAU BAUER SCATTERING EARTH ON THE  
COFFIN AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE STATE FUNERAL.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THERE is no doubt that stories one is hoping to enjoy have a bad start. The unalluring theme, the writer one has never heard of—those, in good circumstances, are the lucky ones. It is impossible for them to let one down, and they alone can give the thrilling pleasure of surprise. "The Boy Who Saw To-morrow," by Ian Niall (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is thus under a double handicap. The theme of second sight is too appealing; the writer's gift is too familiar. On both counts we are ready to be charmed, and the result is anti-climax—perceptible, though not acute.

For once it is quite easy to say why; there is too much one can't believe. I don't mean Jimmie Mansel's "visions," which we accept, of course. Jimmie, the small son of a village carpenter, sees his first horrible to-morrow at the age of five; he sees a crazy neighbour walk into the duck-pond. His parents take on to excess, and for the oddest reason: as it came true, he must be mad. This one can't swallow, to begin with; it is the first wrong note. For five years afterwards the child is spared; and then he sees his father's workshop in a blaze. Unluckily, he mentions it at school. For Jimmie's "dreams" are not merely concerned with evil, they seem to bring evil about. This one, being set down to a guilty knowledge, leads to his father's trial for arson. By now, Jimmie is too notorious for Crosslea. He is sent off to Uncle Dick, a foundry worker in the Midlands; but his exploits have gone before, he finds no peace, and Uncle Dick, the genial and beery, prods him to his doom. The end, though carefully dramatic, has again a flaw. Only I won't say what, for fear of spoiling it for the less carping.

And to conclude, it is a charming story after all. The weak joints in the plot, its rather home-made air, strike one uncomfortably in a tale of marvels, where every word ought to convince. But then we have the atmosphere and background to make up: the fragrance of the village scene, the rough good humour of the streets, Uncle Dick's genial frailty, his domestic jars, his cronies, pub-crawling and pigeons. All these are memorable and delightful. And from first to last, there is a lyric freshness of imagination.

With "The Seekers," by John Guthrie (Werner Laurie; 15s.), I started off on the right foot; I was expecting nothing in particular. Or, at least, nothing much. Plainly, it is about New Zealand in the early days, and has a lot of Maori in it. And so the subject does give it a pull, but of the kind least likely to be disappointing. For fact is more reliable than fancy, as a source of pleasure.

However, Mr. Guthrie plays upon both strings. His book might be defined as a historical adventure story; it gets no higher, but it has far more geniality and bottom than we now expect. At first there are two parallel adventures, with the world between. Young Philip Wayne, the first mate of a sailing-ship, falls into Maori hands. He has just broken a *tapu*; yet he becomes "the chief's *pakeha*." For Hongi Tepe is a thinker, in a cruel impasse. He knows his people are destroying themselves; in such a hungry land the only method of surviving is to kill and kill, and then there is still less to eat, and so it must go on for ever. This problem haunted him in youth; and then an aged priest told him to brood no more, for when the time was ripe, the answer would present itself "on its two legs." Perhaps the time has come; perhaps the answer is before him.

Meanwhile, in England, Marian is waiting. Her father wants her to break off; why choose a rolling stone, a penniless adventurer? From reasons he proceeds to threats, and then to villainous intrigue. Wayne is reported drowned, and Marian tucked out of his reach, in an abode of infamy and horror. After this fine old melodrama comes the rescue scene, and then a start in the new country. There, gravity resumes its sway. The chief is thwarted in his hopes, mocked in his trust, avenged with tragic thoroughness almost against his will. And yet, when all is done, he can perceive that there is still a future.

What one may call the Settler's Tragedy, though not profound, has dignity as well as interest. The London adventure is macabre and comic in a high degree; the scenes in Mr. Wilkes's office, under his conniving clerk, remind one vividly of Dickens. I should have liked more in the comic vein.

"The Shadow of the Red Barn," by Philip Lindsay (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), revives a well-worn corpse. Not literally, for Maria Marten does not appear; she is already huddled in the ground. And the bucolic Corder, her destroyer, though he provokes the action, does very little to promote it. Instead, two leading figures are supplied: the cardsharp Corinthian Tom, and Lydia his "miss." Through them we get a splendid view of London on the seamy side, and there they meet young Corder on the razzle. He is a cross-eyed little oaf, bumptious and mean, yet Lydia picks him out at once. The truth is, she has melted to his Suffolk accent; she came from those parts as a girl. And to complete the joke, Corinthian Tom falls for his sweet, deaf, mousy little bride. Corder, she tells him, has bad dreams; there is some haunting secret in his past, and she entreats this new friend to discover it. For how, not knowing, can she console? So the Corinthian goes down to Suffolk, hoping for something very black, and Lydia goes along to foil him. But that can't be; Maria lies too near the surface, and soon all is revealed. A grim, romantic farce, earthily picturesque.

"A Hole in the Ground," by Andrew Garve (Collins; 9s. 6d.), is not quite a detective story; it might be summed up as a pothole thriller. A rising Socialist M.P., well born and well-to-do, with boundless energy, a charming and devoted wife, and rather a yellow streak, finds a new pothole near his Lakeland home. He can't explore it without help, so he gets hold of a young man named Peter Anstey. And they both go down; but only Quilter comes back to the light of day. No one must ever know what happened. Nobody knows about the pothole anyhow. So he departs with Julie for a holiday in the Dordogne.

There is much charm and interest after that; but though the end is "topical" even to cliché-point, I thought it too disjoint from the beginning. The author has done better things; but he is always good.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## SUPERSTITIONS, TRAVEL, AND LANDSCAPE.

"O Cuckoo!" sang the poet, "shall I call thee Bird, Or but a wandering Voice?"; to which the inveterate examiner is reputed to have added: "State the alternative preferred, with reasons for your choice."

I must confess that I approached "Bird Lore," by C. E. Hare (*Country Life*; 18s.), with a certain amount of misgiving, but as it turns out, my apprehensions were unjustified. Mr. Hare has made a delightful collection of the legends, the proverbs, folk-tales, curious local beliefs, rhymes and superstitions connected with birds from all over Europe. What could be more charming than the legends of how the crossbill got its beak, or how the robin got its red breast. In the case of the former, the tradition was that the crossbill was present at the Crucifixion, perched on the Cross, and frantically tried to pull out the nails from

Our Saviour's hands and feet. In consequence his beak became so twisted that it has remained so ever since, while its plumage became stained with Our Lord's blood. In the same way the robin desperately attempted to remove the thorns which were cruelly lacerating Our Lord's brow, but only succeeded in pulling out one, which pierced its breast and stained it with blood. The Crucifixion figures prominently in bird lore. The sparrow is a cursed bird for, according to the Russian legend, when Our Lord was hanging on the Cross the sparrows, who had already attracted the Jews to him in the Garden by their chirruping—while all the other birds were trying to draw them away—flew around maliciously exclaiming "Jif! Jif! He is living! He is living!" in order to urge His tormentors to fresh cruelties. The swallows, on the other hand, did the opposite, crying "Umer! Umer! He is dead! He is dead!" So the swallow is a blessed and the sparrow a wicked bird.

The cuckoo, too, who defeated the Wise Men of Gotham in their attempts to pen her in, is a rich source of folklore appearing in the different guises in the folk-tales and proverbs of almost every European country. So, too, does that most charming of all little birds, the wren, whose tricking of the eagle over the question of the mastery of the air seems to be familiar to all countries and all ages, from that of Aristotle to modern Ireland. The Bishop of Chichester had better beware if a heron should sit on the pinnacle of the spire of Chichester Cathedral, as, according apparently to a curious Sussex superstition, such an event would portend his death. Mr. Hare has provided exhaustive appendices on the origin of bird names, provincial bird names, and what must surely be a complete list of bird proverbs. I can imagine no more pleasant bedside companion than this erudite but attractive book.

For many of us Chaucer must have been spoilt by the fact that the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" was a favourite subject for School Certificate examiners. It has to be a very charming and compulsive poem that can survive the process of analysis and selective quotation which turns a great work into the raw material of a "credit." Mr. Raymond Preston is an acknowledged authority on the mind of the fourteenth century, which makes his "Chaucer" (Sheed and Ward; 25s.) a most successful attempt to translate the first and one of the greatest of our poets for the mind of the twentieth century. What fun Chaucer was. Those subtle digs at the Wife of Bath or the worldly, sporting Monk who—

Yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,  
That seith that hunters ben nat hooly men;  
or the Sergeant of the Lave of whom he wrote—

Nowher so bisy a man as as he ther nas  
And yet he semed biser than he was

(surely to this day one can see Sir Pompously Important, Q.C., billowing from court to court, following in the exact footsteps of his fourteenth-century predecessor). Mr. Preston obviously has a strong affection for the subject of his book, an affection which he communicates to the reader, and which will certainly send me to the nearest bookshop to get a complete "Chaucer."

To understand Chaucer it is necessary to understand something of the courtly, romantic poetry of contemporary France, of which Chaucer's poems were a reflection, and from which they were a development. There is a much sunnier quality in Chaucer's poems than one gets in later great English poets, and the sunniness is largely due to the fact that the poetical Civil Servant was looking across the Channel and south to the warm, sun-drenched home of the troubadour and the *Roman de la Rose*. It was pleasant, therefore, on putting down Mr. Preston's book, to pick up two further volumes of the People's France Series, of which the first, "Provence and the Riviera," by Alan Houghton Brodrick (Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.), deals with just this region. As Mr. Brodrick says: "In Provence we are not only in a lovely land of long-lasting summer, but we are in the Mediterranean world where Western culture and civilisation originated." I have long run out of superlatives for Mr. Brodrick's sauntering and delightful historical guide-books to the France he knows and loves so well. I can therefore do no more than recommend this excellent and fully illustrated book and its companion volume, "Greater Paris and the Ile-de-France," which for some reason costs a shilling less than the book on Provence.

This latter takes us to all those charming buildings and forests which provide such an admirable setting for the jewel which is Paris itself. It is packed with information, from the story of Pitt's stay with Lafayette during the brief break in the Napoleonic Wars, to the headquarters of S.H.A.P.E. as it exists to-day.

Both these books are illustrated by delightful photographs—on the horizontal plane. A fascinating, if quite different collection of photographs is contained in "Our World from the Air," by E. A. Gutkind (Chatto and Windus; 63s.). This remarkable book, which has a Foreword by that great historian Dr. G. P. Gooch, and an Introduction by Professor E. G. R. Taylor, provides in the aerial photograph what the latter calls "the ideal medium for gaining an understanding of man's impress upon the landscape." Dr. Gutkind has selected his photographs with the eye of a historian. They provide us with a picture of the unity of mankind through the centuries.

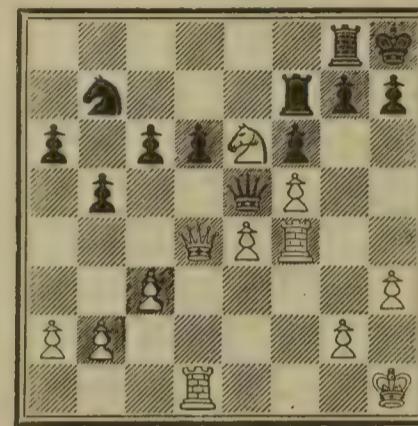
E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

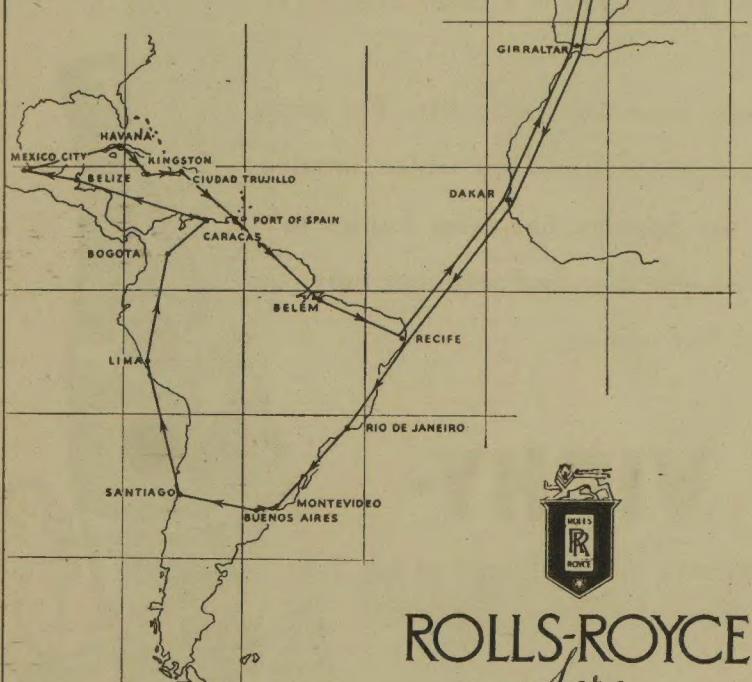
THIS brilliant bit of play in a tournament in Italy a few weeks ago has gone the rounds of the Continental journals without, so far as I know, having secured mention here:

STALDA.



## ACHIEVEMENT

On the Royal Air Force Goodwill Mission to Latin America, from 20th October to 5th December, the four English Electric Canberra bombers each flew over 24,000 miles to schedule.



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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES AND TOBACCO

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## The smoothness you look for

A good Scotch whisky is rather like a good putting-green. It is a blend of many single whiskies, as a sward is a mixture of grasses. And like well-kept turf, your good Scotch whisky must above all be *smooth*, or 'round', to use the technical term. Then there is no finer drink.

The smoothness you enjoy in Johnnie Walker is due to the skill of its blenders, who merge the fine selected single whiskies in perfect harmony. That is the secret of the velvety glow that flatters your palate when you drink Johnnie Walker. That is why there is no finer Scotch whisky.

# JOHNNIE WALKER



JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD., KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND



BORN 1820—  
STILL GOING STRONG